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THOU WILT NEVER GROW OLD.

The following beautiful verses are taken from a volume of poetry by Mrs. Ellen Clemantime Howarth, entitled "The Wind Harp and other Poems." The writer was born in Cooperstown, N. J., and now lives in Trenton, N. J. She was the child of Irish parents, and from the age of seven years worked in factories. Becoming the wife of a laboring man, she has since worked at chair-bottoming to assist in supporting her household.

Thou wilt never grow old,
Nor weary nor sad in the home of thy birth,
My beautiful lily, thy leaves will unfold
In a clime that is purer and brighter than earth.
O, holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there,
In that kingdom of light with its cities of gold;
Where the air fills with angel hosannas, and where
Thou wilt never grow old sweet,
Never grow old!

I am a pilgrim, with sorrow and sin
Haunting my footsteps wherever I go;
Life is a warfare my title to win—
Well will it be if it end not in woe.
Pray for me, sweet, I am laden with care;
Dark are my garments with mildew and mould;
Thou, my bright angel, art sinless and fair,
And will, never grow old, sweet,
Never grow old!

Now, canst thou hear from thy home in the skies
All the fond words I am whispering to thee!
Dost thou look down on me with the soft eyes
Greeting me oft ere thy spirit was free?
So I believe though the shadows of time
Hide the bright spirit I yet shall behold;
Thou wilt still love me, and pleasure sublime,
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
Never grow old!

Thus wilt thou be when the pilgrim, grown gray,
Weeps when the vines from the hearthstone are riven;
Faith shall behold thee, as pure as the day
Thou wert torn from the earth and transplanted to Heaven.
O, holy and fair, I rejoice thou art there,
In that kingdom of light with its cities of gold,
Where the air thrills with angel hosannas, and where
Thou wilt never grow old, sweet,
Never grow old!

S. D. KEHOE—Indian Club Man. For Biographical Sketch see another column.

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THE PRIDE OF THE ARENA.

A TALE OF TOWN AND COUNTRY.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "BLACK BAND,"

And other Romances.

CHAPTER THE SECOND.

THE CLOWN AND COLUMBINE.

"And doctor, you honestly believe that she will never be enabled to perform again? Is such the judgment of your professional conviction?"

"I will not delude you, my dear sir," responded the gray-haired physician, in a tone of bewildered melancholy, "with encouraging misfounded hopes. I am aware that the blow must fall heavily upon an enthusiast entering upon an ambitious career, yet it is better to be forewarned than to yield to the temptations of a fatal future."

"Poor Celestine! so young, so beautiful, so ambitious," thoughtfully murmured Joe Jollie, unable to repress expression at the anxious thoughts affecting his kindly nature, which he vainly endeavored to conceal from the observation of less sympathetic companions, "fallen at the very threshold of her aspirations."

"The physical injuries received by your friend are neither dangerous nor incurable," continued the venerable physician, appreciating the keen interest which the clown manifested in the welfare of the unfortunate equestrienne; "still, her nervous system has become so radically disordered, that a repetition of the accident will inevitably produce permanent disability, if not certain death."

The unhappy jester struggled hard to master his emotions; when, yielding to the impulses of his nature, he warmly grasped the doctor's hand, while tear drops suffused his palid cheeks.

"Thanks—thanks," he sincerely spoke; "forearmed is indeed forewarned, from this source of sorrow may flow, perchance, a fountain of joy." And the tears trickled unchecked from the clown's averted eyes.

"It has not been mere bodily harm," resumed the physician, after a moment's deliberation, which has wrought this sickness, there is behind that some more potent cause of invisible damage, some mental shock, whose force shatters the body through the medium of the soul."

Joe Jollie wiped away the gushing tear drops, and sighed involuntarily.

"It is not within my province to inquire into causes of the mind's disease," again said the venerable doctor, his full clear glance fixed upon the jester's ever-changing countenance; "neither can I minister to its cure without knowledge of its origin." Then speaking in apologetic accent, he inquired pointedly "Are you this woman's husband?"

"I have not that happiness," replied Joe Jollie, evidently annoyed at the question.

"Pardon my inquisitiveness," and the old physician moved to depart.

"Nay," quoth Joe, in undisguised anxiety to prolong the interview; "you must not leave with an erroneous impression with respect to the relations between me and your suffering patient, than whom there is no more chaste and dutiful wife breathing in this living world."

"She is married, then?" said the doctor, retracing his steps.

"Unfortunately she is, to one unknown to me," continued the clown.

"Young man," interrupted the worthy physician, speaking in tones of patriarchal blandness, "although buried amid the seclusion of this village retirement, I treasure experience of a tempestuous life, for like you, my friend, I have been, partly through inclination, partly through necessity, somewhat of a vagabond."

"A vagabond!" ejaculated Joe, rather vexed at the untoward term.

"Yes," continued Dr. Whitefield, a smile mantling upon his benevolent countenance. "By what other word can you designate a wanderer from town to town, sacrificing home to a thirst after novelty? But I do not lament my hours of vagabondage, for they brought me priceless knowledge—that of the heart of man. As you have done, I deserted friends and family to become a nameless wanderer."

"How came you to know this of me," interrupted the jester, in evident surprise that a stranger should have so quickly unveiled a secret which he conceived buried from common fame.

"Do you consider me so poor a judge of human character," remarked the doctor, feelingly, "as not to have penetrated your thin disguise? Your very actions, manner, mien, my young man, betray a capacity, a social education, inconsistent with the calling you have, for reasons best known to yourself, thought proper to assume."

Joe Jollie hung down his head, and would have ventured upon expression of his displeasure at the old gentleman's allusion to that which he might with propriety regard his personal affair, when a thought of Celestine's suffering prompted the adoption of a line of self-denying policy.

"Be not angry, young man," blandly resumed Dr. Whitefield, "that I have fathomed the mystery of your plight. You have invoked my aid to heal the physical condition of the divinity, in whose service you have donned the motley—in your case, I am tempted to believe, a veritable garb of folly. Be assured, I shall exert my skill to bring about the consummation of your wishes. All I ask, as a reward, is your confidence, her gratitude."

Before the clown could recover from the amazement into which the enigmatical language of the old physician had thrown him, Dr. Whitefield, with an agility not to be expected in one of his years, walked briskly into the stable yard, mounted a gray bob-tailed nag, the inseparable companion of his eccentric master, and cantered out of sight.

There had been a terrible commotion at the Eagle immediately upon the conclusion of the night's performances at the circus, for the chambermaid had communicated to its inmates the fact that, immediately upon reaching her apartment, the "Pride of the Arena" had been seized with violent pains and convulsions to such a degree that the services of the village physician were speedily called into requisition. Summoned to the tavern, that individual, whose knowledge of the healing art had not as yet attained perfection, after examination of the patient's condition, augmented, rather than allayed, the excitement, by a candid declaration that the lady had not only broken sundry bones, but aggravated the case through having taken summary leave of her senses. In view of these compound fractures, he firmly believed the sufferer would, in all human probability, be in the next world before the morrow's morning.

Such was the lamentable intelligence conveyed to Joe Jollie, as that gentleman, in pursuance of self-imposed duty, anxiously inquired as to the condition of the fair creature, in whose behalf he ever manifested so tender and considerate an interest. Vain were it to try to depict the effect of this disastrous information, magnified in process of transmission, upon the kind-hearted jester, recently exultant and thankful for the equestrian's apparent triumph. Ordinarily stout-hearted and self-reliant, the unhappy man gave way to a fit of the deepest despondency, for, heartsore and sad, he conceived in the occurrence of this calamity, the realization of a presentiment of forthcoming evil.

Mr. Hunnicumb, the indomitable ringmaster, was equally moved to a spirit of desperation, although from wholly different considerations. In the loss of the "Pride of the Arena," he could sagaciously foretell a total eclipse of the rising sun of Col. Dick Hayes' managerial glory, and at a period, too, when the immensity of the mammoth show's brilliancy had just commenced to dawn upon an astounded and appreciative hemisphere. Yet, amid all his afflictions, Mr. Hunnicumb was hopeful, and maintained his spirits in positive altitude by a recourse to comparative philosophy. According to his theory of human duty, if he, or anything else, were doomed to die, it should be accomplished only after a hard struggle. Consequently, when he heard the report of the first physician as to Celestine's sad misfortune, although gravely disturbed at the sinister prospect presented to him, he sagely argued that, if one physician knew much, two must know more, and, inasmuch as the salvation of the afflicted depends upon the amount and accuracy of medical knowledge invoked, he determined upon exhausting all the available store on hand in the region thereabout, and of charging costs of the same against prospective profit, for loss under these circumstances he was unable to comprehend.

Happily for the medicinal design of the determined ring master, Squire Grimes, who had endured the miseries of compulsory abstinence during the continuance of the performances with a more than Christian fortitude, was, at that moment, in the bar-room of the Eagle, appeasing the qualms of an agonized appetite in company with Long Jack, who visited the tavern courting a feeble hope of re-encountering, before the retirement of the night, the person of the dashing equestrienne. Interrupting the squire in the midst of a profound dissertation on the dangers of barebacked horsemanship, the sawdust potentate somewhat impetuously demanded whether the village boasted more than one doctor.

"One doctor!" exclaimed the worthy magistrate, with a movement expressive of horror, "why, Mister, if you had only had the rheumatiz for twenty odd years, as I've had, you'd begin to believe we've more than one."

"But I haven't the rheumatics," rather tartly interposed Mr. Hunnicumb.

"Sorry you hain't, Mister," retorted the justice, "for old Ma'am Salters has got a suv'rin rimidy, and she can cure fever and ague—"

"Squire," interrupted the ring master, vehemently, "I want a doctor, right off."

"You du, du yer?" considerately returned Squire Grimes, "right off, eh? You don't look unkimmin sick, or I'm mistaken, Mister."

"Not for me, Squire," quoth Mr. Hunnicumb, petulantly, "but for the lady—the 'Pride of the Arena,' who is dying up stairs."

"I told yer it would be so, Jack," said the justice, bringing his finished glass down upon the table with a resounding crash.

"Dying!" ejaculated the farmer, starting up from the table in wildness of sudden excitement, "and you stand idly here? Where is Dr. Whitefield, for he can save her, if she is not cold and dead!"

"We'd send for him, if we only knew where he is to be found," replied the ring master, although astonished at the vehemence of Jack's behavior.

"Wouldn't come for you," interposed the squire with a shake of the head, "love nor money couldn't bring him five miles arter night down."

The countenance of Mr. Hunnicumb turned ashy pale, as he heard this oracular opinion, but it resumed its previous roseate hue when he observed the farmer rapidly and silently putting on his storm coat and otherwise preparing to brave the rigors of a tempestuous, gloomy night.

"Lend me a horse, the best you have in your stable," said Long Jack, pacing the floor with uneasy strides, in nervous excitement.

"Bring forth Bucephalus!" shouted the ring master, imagining himself in execution of his prerogatives, being bewildered at the unexpected gleam of sunshine breaking in upon the dismal picture his befogged intellect had conjured up with respect to Celestine's safety. Then starting to the door, Mr. Hunnicumb rushed to the circus encampment with a degree of undignified celerity, wholly inconsistent with his professional character.

"Yes, bring out Bucephalus!" reiterated the farmer, whose long strides enabled him to maintain an equal gait with that of the short legged and broken winded master of the horse. Long Jack was moreover pleased with the casual selection of a steed, for it reminded him most acutely of the object of his mission; so, when a substitute was proffered, he resolutely refused to depart unless upon the back of the high mettled charger, the unwitting cause of this nocturnal journey.

Regardless of many admonitions and scraps of professional advice as to the management of horse flesh delivered by Mr. Hunnicumb with a volubility acquired through oft repetition, the tall farmer, as soon as the horse was brought out, vaulted into the saddle and dashed off with an earnest intrepidity, at such a rate of speed as to exhibit as well his powers of horsemanship as the daring of his character.

As Jack Bird rode along with fearful speed, he failed not to remark that the storm had entirely subsided, for the dark clouds had rolled away, the stars, constellation after constellation, had taken their watch in the sky, and finally, as the shadows obscuring the moon moved aside, her beams diffused a mellow light, dispelling the dangers of a dismal and dreary ride. The farmer was by no means superstitious; nevertheless, aware of the age and eccentricities of the learned physician, whose assistance he was about to invoke, he failed not to hail this unexpected change in the weather as an omen of assured success. His opinion was materially strengthened, when, upon rounding a turn in the road, whence he could catch a glimpse of the mansion of the doctor, he observed at that unusual hour a glimmering light gleaming through the library windows.

"Up! my jolly boy," encouragingly spoke Long Jack to Bucephalus, whose sides fairly smoked through unaccustomed exertion, "we're almost there," and his heart faltered as he added, "Missus' life is on us."

As if conscious of the object of their pilgrimage, and in obedience to the friendly mandate of his rider, the black charger gathered his strength, and, before the lapse of many seconds, dashed furiously down the lawn, cleared with a bound the wicket gate, and stood covered with foam and mire before the door of the Good Samaritan.

When Mr. Hunnicumb returned to the Eagle bar-room, after witnessing Jack Bird's precipitate start, the poor fellow was in an aggravated state of tribulation, for next to the loss of Celestine, that of Bucephalus would most keenly touch his sympathies and his pocket, for what could possibly become of the Mammoth Show, bereft of its leading bi and quadrupedal attractions? As he philosophized over the probable happening of either or both of these contingencies, he grew ill at ease with the result of his reasonings. With respect to the loss of the "Pride of the Arena," it was a visitation, he correctly adjudged, which could be in no wise attributable to his instrumentality, but, with regard to Bucephalus, should that favorite animal incur disaster, the case was far different, and chargeable to his individual rashness in committing such an equine treasure to the custody of a stranger. Overwhelmed by this sad conviction, agitated by contradictory speculations as to the black charger's destiny, the ring master, in a vain endeavor to dispel his perplexity, sought consolation in the society of Squire Grimes.

"I reckon you don't know Jack Bird, Mister," commenced the justice, who, having argued the matter with himself pro and con, had arrived at a solemn judgment that he, the Court, in honor of its receipts for the day, was legally bound to make a night of it; "well, I swow you don't: if there ever was a lively lad, it's Jack Bird; we call him Long Jack by the way of shortness, but," added the squire, mysteriously, "he's a child in sum things, don't know nuthin' 'bout the show folk; believe me, he don't."

Mr. Hunnicumb expressed deep regret at Mr. Bird's deficiency of knowledge in that particular, and, in evidence of sincerity towards effecting a reformation, volunteered to present the farmer with a season ticket to his show, provided he brought back Bucephalus in good condition.

"Bring back the hoss, Mister," quoth his magisterial friend, "you don't know Jack, I tell you; he'd bring back an elephant, if he borrowed it, and as for ridin', he knows every square inch of this township better 'an the surveyor; Jack wouldn't harm a hoss to save his life. Look 'ere, Mister," continued the squire, "maybe you don't bet; I does, and if you don't mind, I'll just go you toddies for us two that Jack's back inside of—" at this point the justice drew forth a huge bull's eye time-keeper and intently watched the motion of its hands, then shutting both eyes, he indulged in a mental calculation based on unknown data, and concluded his wager by an emphatic declaration of—"five minutes, six at outside."

Delighted with the assurance of Bucephalus' safety, the ring master could not evince his gratitude in a more significant manner than by the acceptance of the wager, and as the squire suggested a further idea that the stakes had better be put down right away, his loquacity was increased by a fresh potation.

"As for the doctor," resumed the squire, moistening his lips with the newly served liquid, "that's a hoss of another color; I'd rayther not bet on him."

"Why so?" interposed Mr. Hunnicumb, whose joy at the prospective recovery of the black charger became overcast at this unexpected suggestion that the more valuable of his attractions might perish through lack of proper attendance, a catastrophe the more deplorable, after she had drawn a full house.

"Why, you see, Mister," confidentially remarked Justice Grimes, "Dr. Whitefield ain't no kimmin doctur—I might say he's a very unkimmin man, doctur or otherwise. If it suits him to let you die, he'll let you die, and there's no helpin' it; but if he says he'll cure you, cure you he will, and that's the end of the matter. There you hav'm to a dot."

The show manager opened his eyes very wide at this profound definition of Dr. Whitefield's power over the life and death of those whom it pleased his humor to like or dislike, and was about mastering sufficient energy to express a desire that the medical dictator might be bribed to evidence a decided liking in favor of Celestine, when the squire resumed:

"Mind, Mister, I don't say he won't come, but the odds air two to one agin his comin', and I'd go my life on it if it want for one thing. Money wouldn't bring him, but Jack Bird can; but then agin there's another thing in the way. Doctur's particular hard on show folk—"

"But he wouldn't see a fellow creature die," interrupted the terrified Mr. Hunnicumb, unable with all his philosophy to fathom the strange anomaly.

"In course he wouldn't," sagely replied the magistrate, "he wouldn't come, as I tell yer, die or no die. It's all on account of Kate Eastman. Maybe, Mister, you didn't happen to hear something about Kate, while you was to York? She was unkimmin likely gal, that she war."

The spirit of apple-jack having seized upon the brain of Squire Grimes, whose peculiar weakness was the sad story of Kate Eastman, that worthy dignitary was on the point of elucidating all the mysteries connected with the young lady's advent and departure from our village, when his narrative was cut short, before its actual commencement, by the opportune arrival of Long Jack, sweating at every pore, and covered with mud.

"Jist inside of time, Mister," quoth the justice, exultantly, as he again appealed to the face of the bull's eye watch, "I told you he'd come. Is the critter all right, Jack? Maybe only lamed or so?"

To the minor joy of the tormented ring master, the farmer announced that Bucephalus had neither stumbled, fallen, cast a shoe, nor behaved in any particular calculated to injure his established reputation for docility, speed, or soundness.

"And the doctur, Jack?" inquired the Squire, with an air of doubt.

"He'll be along," responded the farmer, with an excusable assumption of triumph, "as fast as the bobtail gray will carry him."

"Jack would bring'm if anything could," enthusiastically exclaimed Justice Grimes, "he's unkimmin, man is that Doctur Whitefield."

And in honor of the successful termination of Long Jack's mission, the village magistrate invited all present to join him while he indulged in a night cap—one for the very last, which ceremony being consummated, the squire solemnly declared the court to stand adjourned *sine die*, after which proclamation, taking advantage of the clear moonlight, Justice Grimes toddled off in the direction of his domicile, highly elated as well by consciousness of Long Jack's worth as by the fumes of apple-jack.

It was upon the stroke of midnight, when the clang of a horse's hoofs announced to the despondent inmates of the Eagle the expected arrival of him, in the exercise of whose skill were centered the hopes of those interested in the fate of the fair creature, who had burst upon them in the glory of fictitious triumph, and now lay stricken by the pains of a common infirmity. He came unto the sorrowing crowd, not a mere man, a consoler and comforter, but in the loftiest capacity attainable through mortal wisdom, that of a deliverer from death.

"Here I am, Jack," quoth Dr. Whitefield, in a tone of good humor, strangely contrasting with the serious nature of his visit, "you put up, Billy, that's a good fellow, he'll take it kindly at your hands."

"Certainly I will, Doctor," readily responded the farmer, "Billy ain't fast, but he's sure, and we are so glad that you are come!"

"Well, Jack," said the doctor facetiously, as he divested himself of his outer garments, and examined the condition of his saddle bag, "how long have you been in the family? You attend to Billy's case, and let some one show where to find mine."

"This way, kind sir, tarry not, I pray, for the love of God."

The physician turned to the speaker and bestowed upon him a look of compassionate significance. They were the first words spoken by Joe Jollie since he had received the sorrowful tidings of the young woman's affliction. In despondency of spirit, in desolation of grief, the clown had paced the corridor in front of Celestine's chamber, noting the flight of minutes as they dragged their slow lengths along, and drinking in, with anxious ear, each exclamation of pain, each sigh of sorrow, which, wrung from the suffering frame of her he so devoutly served, found a reverberation within his tortured breast.

"This way," continued poor Joe, in tremulous accents, "lose not an instant. See her, Doctor, save her; save her, if such be divine will."

"All in good time," remarked the physician, cheerfully. "Are you a man, and cherish not fullness of hope? Remember, it is ignorance which ever begets fear," and with this observation Dr. Whitefield entered the sick chamber.

When the eccentric physician came to examine the extent of Celestine's afflictions, he found that although she had suffered both external and internal injury, her case had been greatly exaggerated through the blundering report of his precursor, and was far from being a dangerous, although a most serious one. That which threatened a retard in speedily convalescence was her mental condition, for she had been seized with a violent delirium, during the continuance of which she raved incoherently, haunted by the fantasies of a disordered imagination, expression of which harrowed the soul of the experienced physician, who knew there must have been some foundation for these fancied horrors.

"Lord, Jack," said the physician, as after an hour's attendance in the patient's chamber he had descended to the bar-room, "you are a veritable raven—a bird of ill omen. You promised me a corpse, and I have found but a trifling case for some two week's labor."

"God be praised," fervently ejaculated Joe Jollie, who, hoping against hope, had awaited the report of Dr. Whitefield in inconceivable agony of spirit, for on the decision of that one man, as he conceived, rested his future destiny.

"I am sorry, doctor," stammered Jack, abashed at having been the bearer of false tidings, "but I thought the lady was dying, I did, sir."

"Well," returned Dr. Whitefield, pleased with the farmer's simplicity, "as the lady won't die to please either of us, we'll let her live as cheerfully as possible, and as you brought me here, here I must stay."

And with these encouraging words the worthy physician returned to the bed-side of Celestine, there to watch and minister to her wants, which he did faithfully and skilfully until near early dawn, when, finding the patient restored to a condition of comparative ease, he ventured to depart for some hours' respite at his own residence, a solace demanded by the toils of an eventful night.

After giving ample directions to the lady's attendant, Dr. Whitefield, upon emerging from the tavern, was somewhat surprised to find himself intercepted by the ever vigilant clown, with whom occurred the conversation we have narrated.

The ensuing day was one of intense excitement throughout our village, but most particularly were the Circus company exercised in their minds with respect to the accident to their leading star. The report of Joe Jollie, faithfully retailed to the assembled performers, fell upon them with the destructive power of a tornado, for all foresaw an abrupt termination of a lucrative campaign, unless the person of the "Pride of the Arena" was replaced by some equally gifted equestrienne, to find whom was as difficult as the hunting of a needle in a haystack, in the then existing condition of the novelty market.

"Never do an act again!" contemptuously repeated Mr. Hunnicumb, oblivious to the anxiety he displayed to secure Dr. Whitefield's visit, "the fellow's an old quack, a regular humbug; not fit to physic a horse. Why, she'll be all round in a week at the furthest."

"What will you do in the meanwhile?" suggested Joe Jollie.

"Easy to fix that," returned the ring-master, after a moment's deliberation. "We'll apologize for her and do another act. They won't be any the wiser until they find it out, when we're off. You can do that thing handy, Joe, and you're up in the part. Besides, Bucephalus can almost do the thing alone—that is, when I'm by."

"But suppose you have not got Bucephalus," suggested the clown.

"What!" ejaculated Mr. Hunnicumb in a state of wonderment. "Don't mean to say, Joe, that we must lose Celestine and Bucephalus in the same boat. But," he added, after an appeal to his philosophical powers, "it's hard to part with tried friends, but you and I must do it."

"You may," quoth Joe Jollie emphatically, "but as for me, I've made my last appearance in motley—never again to be my wear."

"Oh, you're joking, Joe," hopefully interposed the disconsolate ring-master.

"No, sir," responded the clown with due solemnity. "You must know by this time, Mr. Hunnicumb, that I never joke unless professionally."

The measure of the ring-master's tribulation was filled to the brim, as he saw crumble into thin air the visionary castles he had erected in the clouds of a dreaming fancy. To lose Celestine was positively bad, Bucephalus comparatively worse, and Joe Jollie, the Jolly Joker, superlatively the worst of all. Had all the relatives of Mr. Hunnicumb died upon one and the same day, the receipt of intelligence announcing such a mortuary event could not have produced a more fearful degree of melancholy than fell to the lot of the unhappy manager through this triplicity in misfortune.

"It can't be helped," murmured Mr. Hunnicumb, who, like Boethius, recurred, for consolation, to philosophy; "one more bolt, and Col. Dick Hayes' Mammoth Show may as well shut up shop."

"Gwine?" inquired Justice Grimes, as he viewed the long line of red wagons, drawn up, ready for a departure. "Sorry, I swan I am; but then, make hay while the sun shines, and you don't hay anywhere particular. I reckon, tho', ya've left the best of yur bag; gage behind."

The crest-fallen ringmaster paid no attention to the observations of the magistrate, but, when he perceived that Joe Jollie was absent from his allotted post, meditatively standing on the Eagle steps, Mr. Hunnicumb exhibited the weakness of a human heart; for the good man, despite his pomposity and dictatorial assumptions, experienced a passing reluctance at parting from a friend and companion.

"Joe," said the ringmaster, in a low and sincere tone of voice, "I haven't got pluck to bid her good-bye; do it for me—that's a good fellow. She's a fine woman, a slap-up rider; be kind and gentle to her, even if you get her into matrimonial harness. We may meet again, Joe, and we may not; if we don't there below, we may in the arena above, where, when we have closed our engagements on earth, we may both of us have performed our daily acts so as to deserve a full benefit hereafter."

"We will meet again, Mr. Hunnicumb," replied the clown, warmly, "and, as I trust, under much better circumstances."

"God bless you, Joe," said the ringmaster, earnestly, then, turning to the squire, he added, in a whisper: "Joe left a drink for you at the bar."

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 3, 1864.

REMOVAL.

THE Office of the NEW YORK CLIPPER is removed from No. 20 Ann street to No. 21 spruce street, at which place we shall be happy to see our friends hereafter.

To Correspondents.

MANHATTAN CRICKET CLUB.—"The secretary of this club writes us in regard to the following difference that occurred between them and the Union Club, of Newark, in their match last week:—In our first innings we sent but nine men to the bat. Before going in for the second innings another of our batsmen arrived, and we sent him in to bat, to which the Newark gentlemen demurred, stating that as he was not present to bat in the first innings, he could not be allowed, according to the rules of the game, to bat in the second. As their demurrer was backed up by Halls and other cricketers, we waived our claim, although we felt convinced that we had a perfect right to send in the absentee. Which side of the question is right?".....The Manhattan gentlemen were quite right, and they were fully warranted in filling up their quota (eleven) at any stage of the game. Had the absentee-ism occurred in the second innings instead of the first, it would have been a different matter; since, when a batsman has once been in, a substitute may not take his place at the bat.

G. W. W., Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.—1. Figg was the first to claim the title of Champion of England, in 1719, and he was succeeded in that office as follows:—Pipes and Greeting, 1733; Geo. Taylor, 1734; Jack Broughton, 1740; Jack Slack, 1750; Bill Stephens, 1760; George Meggs, 1761; Bill Darts, 1764; Lyons, 1769; Harry Sellers, 1777; Harris, 1780; Johnson, 1786; Ryan, 1790; Mendoza, 1792; Jem Belcher, 1803; Harry Pearce, 1805; John Gulley, 1806; Tom Cribb, 1809; Tom Spring, 1824; Jem Ward, 1825; Deaf Burke, 1833; Bendigo, 1839; Ben Caunt, 1841; Bendigo, 1845; Perry, 1850; Harry Broome, 1851; Perry, 1853; Tom Sayers, 1857; Sam Hurst, 1860; Jem Mace, 1861; Tom King, 1862. 2. Mrs. Edwin Forrest, that was, is in England. 3. The book called "Fiasco" you see advertised in our columns, is not the English edition, but a record of all important fights in America up to 1860. There are none others for sale in this city at present.

J. L. W., St. Clair, Pa.—The separate articles of the two matches, one at pigeon shooting and the other a foot race, which you have enclosed, specify that the $15 down in each match shall be forfeited in the event of the balance of the stakes not being made good on the day specified. Nothing whatever is said about a forfeiture in case *both matches* are not made by either party; consequently, if Mr. Harris only wants to make one of the matches, he can do so, and pay the $15 forfeit on the other, the evidence of the parties present to the contrary notwithstanding. The signed articles of agreement alone must be the rule by which the case must be decided.

W. J. McF., Mount Vernon.—1. It was a mistake of the printer—they can only score two points for the euchre. 2. If, in cribbage, A plays an eight, B a six, A a four, B a seven, and A a five, a sequence is the result; just as though they had been played in regular order. 3. The stakes should be drawn in the hand in which the error is discovered, and a full pack substituted for the short one. 4. No pictures of Jem Mace in the American market, except cartes de visite, which may be procured of Fredericks & Co., the Broadway photographers.

A. B. N., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—If, in playing seven up, both players are eight each, the one holding high in the next hand goes out, providing the dealer does not turn up Jack. Saving Pack does not avail in such a case; it must be turned up to count before high. When Jack is made in play, it counts in the following order:—High, 1st; low, 2d; Jack, 3d; game 4th and last.

TWO OLD READERS, Co. A, 18th N. Y. Art.—"In cribbage, A plays a queen, B a five (two holes), A another queen, which is a 'go' for B. A then plays another five and claims three holes. Is he entitled to them?".....No. A is entitled to but one hole for the "go." A's second queen split the pair of fives, for which, therefore, he cannot take points.

P. J. D., Philadelphia.—"In playing a partner game of Euchre—A and B against C and D—A, being the dealer, while shuffling the cards, bets C that he, A, will go alone; C accepts the wager. The cards being dealt, C orders it up. A insists that he can play alone, while C contends that he cannot. Who is right?".....C is correct.

H. W. B., Pittsburgh.—The dealer had no right to go alone; the player who ordered up the trump had that privilege, only, and if he fails to make three tricks, the opposite party score two points for the euchre; should he make all five tricks, he would be entitled to four points, but not otherwise.

DOLORES.—1. A grievous *solvitur* truly, and one not warranted by your prospects, as we hope and believe. 2. Sojourning temporarily in Philadelphia, and your favor will be mailed to him this Monday evening, Aug. 29th, the day of its receipt. See answers to correspondents next week. Hallelujah!

H. VAN H., New York.—1. Our own files do not furnish the necessary data, military affairs being out of our line. Our reply was based on information received from a source generally considered first-rate authority. 2. Get "The Record of the Rebellion" of any news agent, and read for yourself.

DR. DOW, Fredericton.—1. Your four dollars pays for eight months' subscription, including postage. For one year, $6. 2. The rules for running and trotting horses are not published in pamphlet form.

HANCOCK.—1. A paper of that description is published in Boston, but none in this city. 2. No. You can take refuge under your alienship if you please. It is optional with yourself whether you become a citizen or not.

A SUBSCRIBER.—As M, in the event of winning the bet, can only receive $195, the stakes involved in the original wager—and as he has invested $100 in the speculation, he is certainly risking $100 against the chance of winning $95.

B. C.—The distinction between a pacing and rocking gait is difficult to define. In pacing, the two legs of the horse on the same side are off the ground at the same time; in rocking, but one leg on one side is on the ground at the same time.

HAMILTON.—1. Tom Hyer never fought John Morrissey—his only battles for the prize ring were with Country McClocster and Yankee Sullivan. 2. Gen. Butler's fastest time was 2:21¼.

T. T., Philadelphia.—1. Tom Sayers fought sixteen battles, won twelve, lost one, and three draws. 2. Jack Randall fought and won sixty battles—he was never defeated.

A. HYER.—1. Mr. Lewis is considered as good as can be found in the profession. 2. Mr. Cool White is considered one of the best stage managers in the burnt cork business.

J. T., Philadelphia.—The fight between Con Orem and Patsy Morley ended in a draw, owing to the interference of the military; at the close, Morley had much the best of it.

JOE, Catonsville, Balt Co.—According to the law of New York State, a negro who pays taxes on $250 worth of real estate is entitled to a vote—he also had that right in and prior to 1856.

2. M. C., Carpenter's Hotel, Troy.—"In raffles. A throws two sixes and a six; B throws two sixes and an ace. Which wins?" [illegible] wins.

FANCIER, Philadelphia.—We know of Johnny Willis as a sparrer only, without recollection of his challenging any 130 lb. man in the country.

X-10-U-8.—We cannot undertake to decide that bet in the absence of positive proof—our ring reporter, who leaves for Ireland on the 3d inst. will try to ferret out all about it.

VARONE, Davenport, Iowa.—It would be impossible for you to dispose of the play, and receive any remuneration for it, being unknown as you are to managers.

BOXER, Albany.—When you come down, call and see Wm. Hastings, 208 Centre street; he is the best we know of in this city.

C. SLOCUM, R. I.—The advertisement will occupy four lines, which will be 48 cents each week.

H. PROUDLEY, Pittsburgh.—It is an advertisement and will cost you twelve cents a line.

AMATEUR, Baltimore.—We cannot vouch for all of them. Some are O. K. and some are not.

POTOMAC.—Cannot say for certain, but we think Delaware takes the palm.

J. J. C., Philadelphia.—Your $200 for the next deposit received O. K. on the 27th ult. See our ring department.

JACKSON, Belleville.—We never published any such receipt—a sure cure for the mange appeared in our last issue.

C. T., Bridgeport.—You will find the route of the company by referring to our circus summary.

A. A.—The Persia from New York to the bar off Liverpool in 9 days 1½ hours.

HO-KEE-PO-KEE, Philadelphia.—1. Rifle is twenty-two. 2. Miss Pride is not married. 3. Miss W. is married.

OMEGA.—We have seen the sketch before; worked up a little differently, perhaps, but nevertheless the same.

E. V., Shirley Village.—1. Too late for outside. 2. See advertising terms in another column. We have none other.

D. D. G., Ridge Prairie, Ill.—The subscription to the CLIPPER is five dollars a year. Send by mail.

MINSTREL.—1. T. J. Peel and E. Carrol danced at Wallack's old theatre for the Championship. Peel was the victor.

REALER.—1. Johnny Wild is still in the music hall business. 2. You forgot to name at what distance.

C. B. L., Boston.—You are not obliged to trump when you have'nt suit.

PINEY HATCH, Ann Arbor, Mich.—The draft takes in all able bodied citizens between the ages of 20 and 45.

CLEVELAND.—You must name your man at the time of making your bet; unless you stipulate for time when you make your bet.

SAM. L., N. Y.—Your friend was entitled to the money, the "sure thing" to the contrary notwithstanding.

LOST CAMPIAN, Ann Arbor, Mich.—He is one of the best.

D. W., St. Louis.—See answer to C. T., Bridgeport.

WM. DAVIS, Cairo.—F. C. W. is not in that business now.

ENQUIRER.—Johnny Wild is at Fred Aime' Melodeon, Pittsburgh.

J. H. R.—The lady is married.

G. W. W.—No.

A FIGHTING EDITRESS.—Recently, the local editor of a paper in Columbus, Ohio, was cowhided by a female of that city, because of something he "put in the paper about her." The next evening, the wife of the beaten editor, who is said to be the boss of the concern, met the cowhider, and gave her a tremendous thrashing with a horsewhip. It is the opinion that no woman will ever dare to assault *that* editor again.

THE GREAT ANGLO-CELTIC-AMERICAN PUGILISTIC MATCH,

Between Coburn and Mace.

The Clipper to send a Special Reporter to Ireland.

In consequence of the importance attached to the coming encounter between Joe Coburn, the Irish-American representative, and Jem Mace, ex-champion of the British Prize Ring, and in order that the people of this country may not be altogether dependent upon English journals for a report of that great event, we have concluded to send one of our *corps* of reporters to Ireland for the express purpose of writing us a full and impartial account of what promises to be one of the most exciting pugilistic contests that has taken place since the days of the famous Dan Donnelly, the Irish Champion. The fight between Coburn and Mace, which will be for a stake of five thousand dollars (gold), is appointed to take place in some part of Ireland (to be decided by toss) on the 4th day of October. Both men are now in active training, and will so continue until the day of battle.

Our special reporter will take passage in the steamer Etna, which leaves this port on Saturday Sept. 3d. He will reach England about the middle of the month, and will at once visit the training quarters of the men, and send us a report of the mode of training adopted by each man, and whatever of interest concerning the match may transpire. He will send us all particulars touching the preparations for the great mill, and will carefully note down at the ring side a true and full report of the fight, for exclusive publication in the columns of the NEW YORK CLIPPER. He will return by the first steamer leaving Liverpool after he reaches there from the scene of the fight.

As the recognized American sporting authority we are perfectly willing to incur the heavy outlay attending a mission of this kind (when every expense has to be paid in gold or its equivalent) as a slight token of our appreciation of the liberal patronage which has been bestowed upon the CLIPPER at all times and under all circumstances.

In addition to our special report of the fight, we shall also publish the various reports that may appear in the London sporting journals, as well as reports from some of the Irish papers. In the meantime, the CLIPPER will keep its readers posted from week to week, of the progress of the match, and the movements of the men.

As we said before, our reporter will sail from this port on the 3d inst., in the steamer Etna.

THE GREAT PRIZE BATTLE IN IRELAND.

The Latest News.

BETTING FOUR TO ONE AGAINST COBURN.

Just before going to press we received a letter from a correspondent in England, who says that the general impression is in that country that there is to be no fight at all, and that the betting is four to one on Mace. Our informant also says that in a letter received from Coburn a few days prior to writing us, he expressed himself full of hope and courage. For our part we are unable to see the reason for the Britishers' impressions, as all the news heretofore received has been very satisfactory, and everything has the appearance of going on with regularity and order. From the same source we also learn that J. C. Heenan does not own a horse in the world, and that he looks very fleshy. By that it would seem that Heenan must have almost or quite recovered from his late accident, which was less serious than reported.

BIG TURF MATCHES.

It is announced that a couple of trotting matches are to come off on one of the Long Island tracks at an early day, for which the stakes are said to be $10,000 each match. Efforts are being made to work the thing up in orthodox style, and to enlist the attention of the public and the betting fraternity in the proposed races. Those matches, we are told, were made at Saratoga, during the race meeting held there, and may, for aught we know to the contrary, be genuine; but, generally, we have but little faith in "big trotting matches." We have not forgotten the "hippodrome operations" of some of our fastest trotters a few years ago, nor the impositions practiced on the public by the parties having the management of that speculation. The "big matches"—which were no matches at all—were successful until we exposed their fraudulent character, and then the concern "went up." It is a very easy matter to work up a "big match" when both parties are mutually agreeable, and willing to divide the profits. The chances are always against the public, for when owners of fast horses are honest, and mean square racing, the jockeys make some clever "little arrangement" among themselves by which the "outside world" may be "taken in and done for." It is the easiest thing in the world for a jockey to lose a race when it is necessary for him to do so, and this has been done so frequently, and, in some cases, so openly, that the public are not so ready to patronise big events as they formerly were. There is no safeguard for the public against such frauds, for the cleverest jockey in transactions of the kind is apt to find most favor with owners of fast stock. Until there is some security guaranteed the public against being imposed upon in turf matters, the safest plan seems to be to discountenance the "hippodrome speculations" altogether. We have no doubt whatever that it is owing to the frauds practiced on the trotting turf a few years ago by the hippodrome clique that so little interest is now manifested in trotting affairs, which have been unusually dull during the past two or three seasons.

COMING HOME.—Absentees are returning by every steamboat, rail and horse car that comes into the city, the "strangers" giving evidence by tanned skins, and mosquito bitten hands and faces, of the "enjoyment" they have had during their absence from the city. We conversed with a returned friend the other day, who says that while he was away he made a vow that if ever he was permitted to get back to the city, nothing would be able to drive him from it; he was a frightful picture; his face was pitted as though he had been through all the stages of small pox; his eyes were swollen and inflamed; his hair was of a flaxen color caused by the country sun and air; there was a look of goneness and demoralization about the man that enlisted our every sympathy. He has been absent four weeks, and in all that time he has not had one good night's sleep; he would have come home long ago, but, like hundreds of others, he was afraid of being laughed at for his brief stay; so he continued to "enjoy" himself until he was nearly eaten up by mosquitoes and other ravenous insects, when he determined to return home, whether he was laughed at or not. Our friend is coming to, gradually, but he is still a lamentable picture of rural felicity and country enjoyment.

THE CHICAGO CONVENTION.—In the hands of men entirely great, the Chicago Convention might be of incalculable benefit to the country, but we do not expect much from it; there are too many selfish and conflicting elements in its composition to give us any hope of good results. The rebellion will be fully represented by the so-called "Peace" men, whose peace principles only mean the advancement of the rebel cause. It is this element which will defeat McClellan, supposing him to be defeated. Should any one with the Vallandigham or Wood stamp be chosen as the nominee of the Convention, Lincoln will only have to walk over the Presidential track to win. A man like Gen. Grant or Gen. McClellan, would give the rail splitter a tough job to carry off the honors. The Wood Peace Convention at Syracuse was a sorry fizzle; the Chicago affair will prove another if the same men are permitted to control it.

THE ANNUAL SCOTTISH GAMES of the Caledonian Club, of Philadelphia, will take place near that city on Monday next, Sept. 5th.

AQUATIC.

Race, Sail, and Fishing Boats,
BUILT IN THE BEST STYLE,
AT THE
BOAT BUILDING ESTABLISHMENT
OF
STEPHEN ROBERTS,
114th STREET AND AVENUE A,
Harlem River, New York.
Hamill's champion shell boat was built at this establishment. Boats of all kinds on hand for sale. 9-3m*

The Famous Four-oared Boat "Stranger," is for Sale for $160. It is one of the best Four-oared Boats ever built. Address "STRANGER," CLIPPER Office, N. Y. 11-4*

The Rowing Match

BETWEEN

GIL. WARD, OF CORNWALL, AND WILLIAM STEVENS, OF POUGHKEEPSIE,

FOR ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

SUSPICIONS OF A "CROSS" STRONGLY ENTERTAINED.

WARD REFUSES TO ROW AND FORFEITS THE STAKES.

STEVENS AND JOSH. WARD MATCHED.

EXCITEMENT AMONG THE AQUATIC SPORTS.

Thursday last, the 25th of August, was a day looked forward to with eager anticipation by the lovers of aquatic recreations and the betting sports generally, as being the day when the great rowing match between the two famous oarsmen of New York State, Gil. Ward of Cornwall, and William Stevens of Poughkeepsie, was to be decided. This match was made at Pittsburgh, at the time the great contest for the rowing championship of American waters, between James Hamill of Pittsburgh and Joshua Ward of Cornwall, came off—Mr. Rodman Dobbs of Poughkeepsie staking for his fellow townsman, and Col. Charles Brown of Newburg for the brother of the ex-champion. The race was to be over the customary five-mile course on the Hudson River at Poughkeepsie, and to be a play or pay match.

Gil. Ward (who is a brother of Josh Ward, so long the champion oarsman of the United States) and William Stevens are old opponents, having previously contended together for superiority on four different occasions. The first three times they rowed against each other, at the regattas at Cornwall, Newburgh and Poughkeepsie, Ward proved the victor, not only over Stevens, but all the other antagonists opposed to him. The friends of Stevens, not fancying the results of these contests as decisive of Ward's superiority with the oars, matched him against the latter for $500, over the five-mile course at Poughkeepsie, and the race came off on October 29th of last year, on which occasion Stevens turned the tables handsomely on his antagonist by beating him with consummate ease. Another match between them was mooted—Ward attributing his defeat to being out of condition for a strongly-contested race—but the lateness of the season prevented any decisive arrangement being made until the present match was concluded at Pittsburgh, as already stated.

The general disappointment and dissatisfaction caused the week before by the race between the New York and Pittsburgh four oared crews not coming off on the day announced, led us to anticipate a very small attendance on Thursday last. We were, therefore, agreeably surprised, on arriving at Poughkeepsie, to find a very numerous assemblage around the Exchange Hotel on the Dock, this being the spot where aquatic sports love most to congregate. There was a strong delegation present from New York, comprising among others, such prominent patrons of aquatic sports as George Brown, Sam Ostrander, Nelse Kirk, George Ogden, William Wood, Jem Colbert, Pat Lynch, Tom Walsh, Harry Lazarus, Charley White, John Lawrence, etc; John Hamill, the brother of the Pittsburgh Champion, and H. Matthews, of Cincinnati, who had remained over from the previous week's boating contests to witness this match; T. Barron of Troy; and numbers of others whose names we cannot at present particularize. Betting was very quiet, what little there was done being at even; one bet of a level $500 being staked between Mr. Sam Ostrander, one of Ward's backers, and Mr. Rodman Dobbs, Steven's strongest partisan. The latter was around, looking in tip top condition and confident of success.

About two o'clock P. M., the Newburgh steamer G. C. Davidson, arrived, having on board Gil Ward and his boat, Dick Risdon, Nelse Kirk, Tim Donohue and several other friends. Gil did not look quite up to the mark in condition, and we were told he was laboring under an attack of diarrhœa. His boat is a new one, built by that experienced builder, Tim Donohue of Newburgh; she is thirty feet long by 14 inches wide, and 5 inches deep. Stevens' boat was built by James McKay of this city, and is 29 feet long by 15¾ inches wide; in the event of the water being rough he had the Willie C. Ward, built by George Shaw of Poughkeepsie, in readiness to row in. A very general disposition was manifested after Ward arrived to bet on Stevens, and the odds ran up in a twinkling from even money to $100 to $50, and the unusual anxiety displayed to "get on" was so marked, that the impression became general and was plainly expressed that the race was a "barney" and that Ward designed to lose. As the time wore on, and the hour for starting (4 o'clock P. M.) approached, this conviction gained ground among the crowd. When Gil was made acquainted with the state of public opinion, he indignantly protested against such a judgment being pronounced upon him, as being capable of deceiving his friends, and declared that as the people would believe that he purposely threw the race in the event of his being defeated, and as he was far from being up to the mark, he would not row the race, but forfeit the entire amount of the stakes, and by so doing save the money his friends had bet outside on his winning the race. Our reporter therefore was authorized to publicly announce his resolution from the balcony of the hotel, and this was accordingly done to the renewed disappointment of those who for a second time had visited Poughkeepsie to see a race, only to be again "taken in and done for."

After the announcement of the forfeiture on the part of Ward, the principal portion of the sports adjourned to "moisten their clay" at a neighboring lager bier hostelrie, when argument and discussion on the merits of rowing men became the order of the day. The culminating point was reached when a Poughkeepsie sport, one of Stevens' staunchest backers, offered to match him against the ex-champion, Josh. Ward, for five hundred dollars a-side, in a race of five miles. The defi was immediately accepted by Nelse Kirk, on behalf of his friend, the Cornwall carsman, and $250 a-side forfeit staked in the hands of Mr. George Ogden, of this city, who was mutually agreed to as stakeholder; the balance of $250 a-side to be made good one week previous to the race, which was fixed for Tuesday, September 30th. With the design of benefitting Josh. Ward in some degree by having the match come off over the course in Cornwall Bay, Sam Ostrander offered $100 for the race to be rowed there, but this the Poughkeepsians positively refused to agree to. This proceeding, we think, was illiberal in the extreme, for considering that Poughkeepsie has been the scene of nearly all the great aquatic contests for the last three or four years, in which Josh. and Gil. Ward have been engaged, and derived all the benefits therefrom accruing, it would only have been a simple act of justice to reciprocate on this occasion, and by agreeing to the race taking place at Cornwall, which is equally as good a course as that at Poughkeepsie, evince their desire to benefit one who has frequently been the means of causing many thousands of dollars to be spent in their village. Of one thing we are confident, that the disappointment experienced at the last two boat races at Poughkeepsie, will have the effect of keeping thousands away who would otherwise have been certain to be on hand to witness it. It was thought by many that some arrangement would have been made for a match between the crews of the George J. Brown of New York and the Stranger of Poughkeepsie. Mr. Brown, the backer of the New York crew, was present, and we were informed would have promptly come to terms if any proposition had been made to that effect. The Poughkeepsie party, however, were silent on the subject, as they look upon it that as they beat the Brown crew when they last met, the challenge or proposition should come from them, (the Brown crew.) We understand that the Stranger crew are willing to favorably consider any proposition that may come from that quarter.

BOATING AROUND THE HOOK.—Aquatic sports around the Hook Pond, says "Hook Dock," has been at a low ebb since the match between the seventeen-foot working-boats, Pussy Cat and Blessed Baby; but are now on the qui vive once more; as a match has been made between Daniel O'Brien, a young aspirant for aquatic honors, and John Biglin, one of the crew of the champion four-oared boat, George J. Brown, to row in seventeen-foot boats, for the sum of Two Hundred Dollars, to take place on Wednesday afternoon, Aug. 31st, between the hours of 2 and 3, starting from the foot of Jackson street (Hook Dock), around Blackwell's Island and return—a distance of twelve miles. Biglin will row the Joe King, built by C. Elliott, and O'Brien will row the Joe Selleck, built by J. Thoma. "Fair day, no favors, and may the best man win."

WALTER BROWN'S ROWING CHALLENGE ACCEPTED BY J. H. RADFORD.—In response to the challenge which appeared in a late number of the CLIPPER from Walter Brown, of East Boston, J. H. Radford, in company with Geo. J. Brown, called upon us on the 26th ult., and left $500 to make a match with Brown at his own challenge, with the single exception of requesting to be allowed the sum of $100 for expenses, to which fair and manly offer we can see no earthly reason how Walter Brown can object. The following is a copy of articles sent on for Walter's approval:

Articles of Agreement entered into between J. H. Radford, of New York, and Walter Brown, of East Boston. The said J. H. Radford agrees to row the said Walter Brown a two-mile race, shell boats, to turn one stake boat, for $1600 a side, $500 forfeit, in six weeks from signing articles, to row on the day named. The race to take place on Charles river, Boston. The said Walter Brown agrees to give the said J. H. Radford the sum of $100 for expenses. In pursuance of this agreement the sum of $500 is now deposited in the hands of FRANK QUINN, on behalf of J. H. Radford, as the first deposit, the remaining $500 to be put up two days before the race. Signed J. H. RADFORD.

A TWO-PAIR SCULL RACE between two seventeen feet Whitehall boats, took place off the Battery on Monday afternoon, 23d ult., in which considerable interest was manifested by the "salts" of that section of Gotham. One crew was known as the Whitehallers and the other as Batterylites. The distance rowed was from Professor Hall's Bath, around Bedloe's Island and back—and was made against a strong wind in 43 minutes, the Whitehallers being the victors. The boats were rowed by O'Malley and Hennessy, from Whitehall, and Nevill and "Lager," from the Battery. The odds were largely in favor of the Battery boys—and considerable funds changed hands in consequence.

THE ALBANY SCULLING CHAMPIONSHIP.—On Tuesday, the 23d ult., the admirers of aquatic sports at the Capital of the Empire State had quite a treat in witnessing an exciting sculling match for the championship of that burgh, between Wm. B. Hills and Anthony Graves. During the day a north-west wind prevailed, but towards evening it had subsided, and but little wind was stirring. The pier, tugs, barges, ferry-boats, &c., were packed with human beings. The judges were promptly on hand before six o'clock, and at six P. M. the men were ready for the start. The word was given, and both parties started off like arrows from a bow. Hills took the lead, and kept it up till they reached the Hudson River Bridge, the dredges, &c., about which, somewhat interrupted the steerage by the men. Hills was about 3½ lengths ahead, and taking advantage of this, undertook to cross the bow of his competitor, as he had a perfect right to do according to the rules, but at his own risk. Mr. Graves called out "that such a course was unfair." Mr. Hills claimed that he was right, but proposed to back down and take a fresh start, which was amicably agreed on. The second start was unobjectionable, and away they went again. Mr. Hills pulled hard for the lead, but he could not accomplish it. Side by side they jogged along, working the feelings of all beholders up to a fever heat. Anxiety was never more intense than as they were reaching the stake boat. People's eyes almost peered from their sockets. Mr. Graves hugged the west shore, while the stake boat lay near the east shore. Finally Hills darted ahead, and reached the upper stake boat a couple of lengths in advance. He quietly turned and headed on the home stretch before Mr. G. was fairly around. On the downward pull Mr. Graves quickened his rowing, which caused him to draw down upon Mr. Hills. He jumped to within about two lengths of Mr. Hills, when the latter began to pull more lively, and this distance was kept up until they passed the Hudson River Bridge, when Mr. Hills increased his exertions, darted ahead, and reached the Judges' yacht 19 seconds in advance, and amid the cheering and congratulations of his hosts of admirers. Time—Hills, 24:28; Groves, 24:40. Distance 3 miles. Judges—R. V. De Witt, J. C. Cuyler, and John H. Feathrly. Mr. Graves rows like Hamill, with a slight modification. Mr. Hills pulls the rows like Hamill, with a slight modification. Mr. Hills pulls the Ward stroke, long and steady. This race was for the Champion Silver Belt, which Mr. Hills did and still holds, open to the challenge of all. It is in good hands, and he who takes it will have to display extraordinary abilities as an oarsman. That's what's the matter.

THE TURF.

Sweep for the Doncaster St. Leger. Drawn Sept. 20th. 100 members at $1 each. The drawer of the first horse to receive $50; of the second horse, $25; third horse, $15. Tickets forwarded by post. Drawn at H. CLAPTON'S, Clifton Shades, 15 East Houston street. 21

The Montreal Fall Meeting.

FIRST DAY'S RACING.

The Montreal Fall Meeting commenced on Wednesday, the 24th of August, at St. Hyacinthe, the races having been postponed from the previous day on account of the heavy rain. There was a very large attendance of spectators, and although the track was necessarily very heavy after the rain, the sport was excellent. It will be seen that Mr. Denis Ready's Zigzag, who was the favorite for the hurdle race at Saratoga, and was winning easily when he fell at the last hurdle, was beaten in the race for the Montreal Handicap by Sunshine. Mr. Ready, however, managed to win the Montreal Cup in a race of two mile heats, with Patti (the filly formerly belonging to Mr. J. S. Watson that he bought at Saratoga after she won the Selling Stake), beating Reporter and two others. Since he went into Canada, Reporter seems to have lost all form, owing, probably, to change of climate, air, etc.

The first race was for the Charger's Stakes, the horses to be ridden by officers only. For this there were three starters—Garryowen (the winner of the hurdle races at Three Rivers and Saratoga), Mon Etoile, and Hassan. There was no betting—not even in pools, although the utiquitous and eloquent Dr. Underwood of Kentucky, whose jovial fun-locking phiz I see at every race meeting from St. Louis to Three Rivers, was on hand, and "eager for the sale." A capital start was effected by Colonel Conolly, Garryowen leading, with Mon Etoile second and Hassan last. After going some distance a change took place, Hassan passing Mon Etoile, and challenging Garryowen. The latter shook him off with great ease, and won in a canter, by half a dozen lengths in 3 min. 21 secs., Hassan second and Mon Etoile beaten off.

The second race was for the Provincebred Handicap, for which five horses entered, all of which started. In the pool sales Charley Riley brought $21, Forty-five Dollars $14, Miss Shanley $5, Bella $4, and Palermo $4. After two false starts they got well away, Bella taking up the running, with Miss Shanley second, Palermo and Riley bringing up the ruck. Passing the stand the favorite took second place, and a capital race home ensued between him and Bella, Charley Riley at last winning by a head only, Palermo third, Forty-five Dollars fourth, and Miss Shanley last. Time—3 min. 4 secs.

The Montreal Handicap brought out three starters—Sunshine, Zigzag, and Nannie Cradock. In the pools the latter was the favorite, bringing $25, Zigzag $15, Sunshine $10. Mr. Kirwin's M. D. and Captain Parker's Libel were entered for this race, but were withdrawn the previous evening. A good start was effected, Zigzag rushing to the front, with Nannie Cradock second, and Sunshine last. Zigzag made all the running for the first mile and a half, when Sunshine joined Nanny Cradock, and together they challenged Zigzag, as they turned into the homestretch. A magnificent race home ensued, and so closely were they locked together that a dead heat seemed inevitable. In the last few strides Sunshine showed in front, beating Zigzag by a short head, and Nannie Cradock as far behind Zigzag, after one of the finest and most closely contested races ever run in Canada. Time—4 min. 5½ secs.

The Montreal Cup produced three starters—Patti, Reporter, and Annie, Sunshine having been withdrawn. In the pools Reporter brought $50, Patti $16, and Annie $7. After some difficulty in starting Reporter took the lead, with Annie second, and Patti last. Passing the stand on the first mile, Reporter was ahead in front of Annie, with Patti close up. The latter now went up and deprived Reporter of the lead, and although the latter tried vigorously to retake it, the filly shook off every time he got to her girths, and finally won the heat by a length and a half, Annie was a bad third. Time—3 min. 56 secs. In the second heat Patti showed signs of stiffness in the off hind leg, and this made Reporter the favorite. Reporter, with Annie second, made the running on the first mile and three-quarters, when Patti, who had been waiting patiently, shot past Annie, and challenged Reporter. A neck and neck race home ensued, the whip and spur being vigorously used, resulting in Patti defeating Reporter by half a length, after a splendid struggle. Time—3 min. 53¼ secs.

The Corinthian Cup was contested by Nannie Cradock, Libel, and Mon Etoile. In the pools Nannie sold for $31, Libel $21, and Mon Etoile $4. The favorite won easily by a length, Libel second, and Mon Etoile distanced. Time 3 min. 6¾ secs.

SUMMARY.

St. Hyacinthe, C. E., Wednesday, August 24th, 1864.—The Chargers Stakes of $10, with $100 added, one mile and a half dash, carrying 11 stone, to be ridden by officers.

Capt. C. Eliot, Gr. Gds., entered c g Garryowen, aged	1
Mr. Smith, 30th regt., entered b m Mon Etoile, aged	1
Lieut. Col. De Horsey, Gr. Gds., entered b g Hassan, aged	3
Capt. Thynne, Gr. Gds., entered b g Greenback	dr.

Time—3:21.

SAME DAY.—"Province Bred Handicap" of $20, half forfeit, with $150 added, one mile and a half.

Capt. C. Crichton, Gr. Gds., entered ch g Charley Riley, aged, 10 st. 7 lbs	1
Mr. Tom Alloway entered ch f Bella, 5 years, 8 st. 12 lbs	2
Mr. Reynolds, M. T., entered b g Palermo, 6 years, 9 st. 10 lbs.	3
Mr. Kirwin entered b g Forty-five Dollars (late Cocktail), aged, 9 st	4
Mr. Dennis Ready entered ch g Miss Shanley, 3 years, 7 st. 9 lbs	5

Time—3:04.

SAME DAY.—The Montreal Handicap of $25, half forfeit, with $200 added, two miles, *bona fide* the property of residents of Canada, gentlemen riders.

Mr. Knox, 25th regt., entered br h Sunshine, 5 years, 10 st. 10 lbs	1
Mr. Dennis Ready entered b c Zig Zag, 4 years, 9 st. 10 lbs	2
Capt. Farwell, M. T., entered ch m Nannie Craddock, 6 years, 11 st	3
Mr. Kirwin entered b g M. D., aged, 10 st. 10 lbs	dr.
Capt. Parker, 17th regt., entered b g Libel (late Jack Horner), 5 years, 10 st., 8 lbs	dr.

Time—4:05½.

SAME DAY.—The Montreal Cup, value $250, added to a sweepstakes of $20 each, open to all horses, two mile heats, Montreal Turf Club weights; half money for a walk over.

Mr. Dennis ready entered br f Patti, 3 years old	1
M. B. De Neverville entered ch h Reporter, 6 years old	2
Mr. Dackus entered br m Annie, 4 years old	3
Mr. Knox, 26th regt., entered br h Sunshine, 5 years old	dr.

Time—3:56; 3:53¾.

SAME DAY.—The Corinthian Cup, value $250, added to a sweepstakes of $20 each, one mile and a half, carrying 10 st. 7 lbs.; English and American bred horses to carry 7 lbs. extra, to be ridden by officers

Capt. Farwell, M. T., entered ch m Nannie Craddock, 6 years old	1
Capt. Parker, 71th regt., entered Libel, 5 years old	2
Mr. Smith, 30th regt., entered b m Mon Etoile, aged	3
Mr. Reynolds, M. T., entered b g Palermo, 6 years old	ds.

Time—3:06¾.

SECOND DAY.

The attendance on the second day was very large, in consequence of the fine, favorable weather. Generals Lindsay and Williams, with a large number of officers of the Grenadier Guards were present. The track was heavy and holding. The hurdle race was the first on the programme, and had four entries, viz.: M. D. Garryowen, Charley Riley, Rifleman and Hussan. The pool sales showed M. D. to be the favorite, he bringing $26, Garryowen $16, Charley Riley $12, Rifleman $4, and Hassan $2. M. D. led over the first hurdle, Charley Riley being second, Garryowen third and Rifleman fourth, Hassan stumbling and spilling his rider, Pepper, though without any injury. The second and third hurdles were passed in the same order, Hassan and Rifleman, who had also fallen, being at this early stage out of the race. Charley Riley passing M. D. led over the fourth hurdle, but was quickly dispossessed of the lead, and Garryowen seen after became second. He tried vigorously to collar M. D., but the latter stalled off all his efforts and won the race by four lengths, Charley Riley was third, a dozen lengths behind Garryowen.—Time 4 min. 26 1-4 secs.

The Cesarewitch Stakes followed, and was contested by Patti, who carried 8 lbs. overweight, Sunshine and Reporter. The latter was ridden by his trainer, Tom Clark, who had won on him at Three Rivers. In the pools Sunshine brought $37, Patti $18, and Reporter $19. Reporter made the running and led past the stand on the first mile, with Sunshine second and Patti last. No change took place in this position until the horses neared the first half of the third mile. Sunshine here began to lessen the distance between himself and Reporter. Patti also pulled up, and commenced to make play, for home. Sunshine gradually crept up to Reporter's quarter, but was immediately shaken off, and so vigorously, that it looked as if Reporter had it all his own way and was booked to win. Patti, however, now began to close up the gap rapidly, and passing Sunshine, a magnificent race ensued with the three, Patti at last winning by a head, Sunshine, who was second, beating Reporter by a neck.—Time, 3 min. 17 1 4 secs.

The Open Handicap for all horses, mile and a half dash, was run for by Zigzag, Reporter, Sunshine and Libel. Zigzag brought $50, Sunshine $29, Reporter $20, and Libel $6. After a good race home the favorite won by a short head, Sunshine third and Libel nowhere. Sunshine broke down on the off fore leg.—Time 2 min. 59 1-2 secs.

The Montreal Cup produced three starters—Patti, Reporter, and Annie, Sunshine having been withdrawn. In the pools Reporter brought $50, Patti $16, and Annie $7. After some difficulty in starting Reporter took the lead, with Annie second, and Patti last. Passing the stand on the first mile, Reporter was ahead in front of Annie, with Patti close up. The latter now went up and deprived Reporter of the lead, and although the latter tried vigorously to retake it, the filly shook off every time he got to her girths, and finally won the heat by a length and a half, Annie was a bad third. Time—3 min. 56 secs. In the second heat Patti showed signs of stiffness in the off hind leg, and this made Reporter the favorite. Reporter, with Annie second, made the running on the first mile and three-quarters, when Patti, who had been waiting patiently, shot past Annie, and challenged Reporter. A neck and neck race home ensued, the whip and spur being vigorously used, resulting in Patti defeating Reporter by half a length, after a splendid struggle. Time—3 min. 53¼ secs.

The Corinthian Cup was contested by N

We would suggest to Harry Wright to tack on to this match a game of base ball between the New York and St. George cricket clubs.

CRICKET IN MASSACHUSETTS.—The return match between the Bay State Cricket Club of Chelsea, and the Alpha Cricket Club of Salem, was played at Salem on the 24th ult, and resulted in the defeat of the latter by seven wickets. Some good playing was shown on both sides, but most commendable was that of Master Tyrrell of the Bay State C. C., who displayed a skill at batting and bowling which older players might well be proud of.

MANHATTAN, OF NEW YORK, vs UNION, OF NEWARK, N. J.

A match between the Manhattan Club against the Union Club, of Newark, barring Hallis and three others, was played at Newark on Wednesday, the 24th of August. Manhattan won the toss, and being short of two men, went to the bat and made only 41 runs. The Union next took the willow, but the close bowling of Sealy and Tucker was too much for them, and their last wicket fell for only 29 runs in the first innings. After justice was done to a good dinner, the Manhattan boys went in for their last innings, in which the following disputes arose. One of their absent players, Mr. Walker, had now arrived, and the Manhattan Captain sent him in to bat. The Unions objected to allow him to play as he had not batted in the first innings. The Manhattans thought they had a right to play eleven men, but gave way for the time being. Their nine scored in their second innings 53, Reeves and J. Tucker being the only ones who scored double figures. The score:—

MANHATTAN.	
First Innings.	Second Innings.
Plumer b Elsum	5 c Reynolds b Ford 4
Boyd c Hibbins b Elsum	0 c Elsum b Ford 5
Reeves b Elsum	7 run out 10
Simpson b Ford	3 c Reynolds b Ford 4
Sealy c Ford b Elsum	6 b Ford 7
H. Tucker b Elsum	6 b Armitage 4
J. Tucker, not out	2 run out 11
Weston b Elsum	5 c Burtchall b Ford 0
G. Franklin b Ford	3 not out 3
B 2, l b 1	4 B 2, w 3 5
Total	41 Total 63
UNION.	
First Innings.	Second Innings.
Hunter b Sealy	2 c Sealy b Tucker 12
Burtchell b Sealy	0 run out 1
Armitage b Tucker	4 b Tucker 15
Garside, run out	6 b Sealy 0
Foster c Walker b Sealy	0 not out 8
Ford b Tucker	1 b Sealy 3
Sharp b Sealy	0 c Walker b Tucker 0
Elsum b Sealy	0 b Sealy 0
Hiphicke b Sealy	3 b Tucker 0
Hibbins b Tucker	1 b Tucker 0
Reynolds, not out	4 b Sealy 5
Byes 2, leg byes 1, wide 1	4 Byes 5, leg bye 1 6
Total	29 Total 53

Umpires—Messrs. Hallis, of Newark, and Pelin, of Brooklyn.

BALL PLAY.

Matches Arranged.

AUGUST 31.—Empire vs. Union, of Morrisania, at Hoboken.
——Eureka vs. Active, return game, at Hoboken.
SEPT. 1.—Mutual vs. Victory, at Troy.
2.—Mutual vs. Eckford, at Albany.
6.—Enterprise vs. Gotham, at Bedford.
14.—Newark vs. Mutual, at Newark.
16.—Resolute vs. Star, at Bedford.

ANOTHER GRAND MATCH AT HOBOKEN.

MUTUAL, OF NEW YORK, vs. ECKFORD, OF HOBOKEN.

THE FIRST DEFEAT OF THE CHAMPIONS.

The Eckford Club, which, during the seasons of 1862 and '63 so creditably earned and so quietly wore the laurels of the championship, from all appearances are doomed to resign them this season to a stronger organization, unless they rally quickly to the rescue, and place themselves on a similar strong footing as in the years above named. They opened the season's play of 1864 later than almost any other club, and then their display was about as poor as they have made for many years past. On Monday, August 22d, for the first time this season, they entered upon a series of games for the championship, their opponents being the Mutuals of New York, a club that has carried all before them thus far this season, except their first encounter with the Atlantics, when they played a very poor game, and, of course, got beaten. The season of 1864 did not open favorably for the Eckfords, for from the well organized nine with which they achieved such a noteworthy success in 1863, they lost Sprague, their pitcher, who joined the Atlantics; Beach, their catcher, who went to Chattanooga, and Devyr and Duffy, their short stop and third base-man, who joined the Mutual Club, thus leaving the club minus four of their regular nine. This rather dampened the ardor of the club, and almost led them to withdraw from the lists altogether, but better counsels prevailed, and they finally resolved to go into the fight again, no matter what the result might be. With such resolves, one would have supposed that they would strive to re-organize their nine early in the season, and train them up to the requisite standard by constant practice. Strange to say, however, they failed to do so, and only at the last moment have they adopted any such plan of operation, and then with such little energy and effect as to place them but slightly in advance of their previous crippled condition. Under such circumstances it is no wonder that defeat follows or that their prospects of ultimate success are rendered unfavorable. Because of such a valuable acquisition to their nine as Fisler, and the return of Beach, to take part in their games, it was plainly their policy to adopt prompt measures to recruit efficient substitutes in the place of Sprague and Duffy, and to have at once gone into active training for the events of the season, but they neglected to do so, and the results a defeat which, though it might not have been avoided, would certainly not have told against them so much. They have two men admirably suited to fill the positions of short stop and catcher alternately, as occasion may require, although each had far better have his position assigned him, and be kept on at it in every game. They have first class players for the positions of first and second bases—none better, and three good out-fielders in Manalt, Swandell and Snyder. They want a third base man and a pitcher, and both can be procured by energetic action. In the match between the Eckfords and Mutuals, which was played at Hoboken on August 22, the Eckford nine, though it included good material on the whole, was so placed in the field as greatly to mar their effectiveness and the support it should have afforded the pitching. The success of a pitcher often depends far more upon the support of the field than many players seem to be aware of. Of what use are twisting balls if the catcher, or first and third base men are not active or efficient enough to attend to the foul ball business properly? A pitcher may use his skill and judgment in inducing a batsman to hit high balls innings after innings to no purpose, unless the balls be properly attended to in the outer field. We have noticed that in every match in which good fielding has been shown, the pitcher comes in for the credit of good pitching, and in a majority of instances it is well deserved; but in games where runs, catches and wild throws prevail, we are sure to hear the cry of "he can't pitch" or "the pitching was miserable," when in half the cases the fault lays with the fielders. The game of Monday, the 22d, opened in favor of the Mutuals by a score of 2 to 1, and at the close of the second innings the score in their favor was 11 to 1, although it ought not, with first-class fielding, to have been more than 3 to 1. Pattison opened play on the Mutual side in this innings after the Eckfords had been creditably put out for a blank score, and by a good hit he secured his 1st base, final y getting his run from a failure of Manolt to hold a ball thrown to him by Wood while at 2d base. Harris followed Pattison, and by another good hit secured his 1st base, sending Pattison to 3d; McMahon then hit a high ball which Wood attended to in good style, and a double play would have been the result had Manolt held the ball in the instance above referred to, but he did not, and Pattison got home and Harris reached his 2d base. Wamsley then tipped out—two outs and one run only—after which Devyr secured his base by a good hit, sending home Harris—two runs and two outs. Zeller then hit a ball to short field, which Beach failed to handle in time to send to 1st base, and after this chance to put the third man out had been missed, seven runs were added to the score before another opportunity was offered, a total of 9 being the Mutual's score for that innings. In the 5th innings, a wild throw of Reach's from 3d to 1st base, and a miscatch of Manolt's resulted in a score of 7 runs against them, when but three should have been obtained, and two errors by Beach and Mills gave two runs to the Mutuals in the 7th innings. On the Mutual side one run was gained by the Eckfords through a miscatch of Goldie in the 6th innings, and one run by the misfielding of McMahon in the 9th innings, and these were the only important errors we noticed on the Mutual side in the whole game, so well did one and all perform their duties. It will thus be seen that the errors in fielding by the Eckfords gave their opponents chances to add thirteen runs to their score, while those on the part of the Mutuals only led to the gaining of two, or at most three runs to the Eckfords. These errors of the Eckfords were mainly attributable to the misplacing of their nine, Manolt being out of place anywhere but in the field, and Reach not at home except on the first base; and there should unquestionably have been another man in the nine in place of Grum, who is physically unable to play in a first-class game, owing to his sprained knee. The feature of the game on the part of the Eckfords was the splendid fielding shown by Wood, who surpassed himself on this occasion, and the fine play of Fisler as catcher; both these players, too, took a decided lead in the batting, Wood securing the most runs. On the Mutual side, Devyr's short stopping and the fine play of Brown and Goldie on the bases was noteworthy, as was Zeller's out-fielding. Zeller took the lead in batting, Devyr being next in run getting. We have specially to speak in praiseworthy terms of the decisions of the umpire. He assumed a responsible and unpleasant position, and ably and impartially discharged its duties, and he had several close points to decide upon. He very properly refused to decide a player out at 1st base unless the ball was plainly held on the base *before* the striker touched it. The rule expressly requires that the ball should be held on the base before the striker reaches it, or he is not out. Hitherto, in close cases the ball has erroneously been given the preference against the express reading of the rule. In the case, too, when a ball is overthrown to 1st base, he decided that whenever such an overthrown ball is stopped by the crowd, the player should be entitled to his next base. This is right, as, were the field clear, all such overthrows would invariably result in giving the player his next base, and the field have no right to bring to their aid an outside crowd in putting out players. We hope on all future occasions of the kind the same decisions will be rendered, as it is nothing more than fair that overthrows should incur such a penalty. In the instance, too, in which Beach was put out at 1st base, from not touching the base on a foul ball after the ball had been "settled" in the hands of the pitcher, the decision rendered was quite correct. A ball must be firmly and securely held in the hand to be considered as "settled," and Harris did not have the ball thus secured in his hand until after Beach had touched his base and run for the second. In the instance wherein Wood and Mills were put out at 1st base, Wood made a mistake in thinking the ball foul; it was not only fair, but the Umpire was right in not saying anything until appealed to, it being his duty only to call foul balls and not fair ones. In not a solitary instance did we notice an erroneous decision. The remarks of interested parties are very amusing at times in reference to decisions of umpires. It is surprising to notice how much prejudice and partiality will distort facts in such cases. An immense crowd of spectators were present, and though good order was preserved, we have seen the Mutuals more successful in keeping a clear field. The good humor with which the Eckfords bore their defeat was noteworthy, and at the hospitable board at the club house, when the game was over, it was difficult to tell by the countenances of the crowd which was the cheated party. In fact, the match was marked by conduct throughout not only creditable to both the contesting nines, but one which as should characterize the contests of every club worthy of being enrolled as members of the National Association. We append a full score of the game:

BATTING.

ECKFORD.	H. L.	R.	MUTUAL.	H. L.	R.
Wood, 2d b	1	5	Wanaley, c	5	2
Manolt, 1st b	3	2	Devyr, s s	2	4
Grum, r f	5	1	Zeller, l f	0	6
Beach, s s	3	2	Hunt, r f	4	3
Fisler, c	3	3	Goldie, 1st b	2	3
Reach, 3d b	1	1	Brown, 2d b	5	2
Snyder, r f	2	1	Pattison, c f	2	5
Swandell, l f	5	0	Harris, p	1	3
C. Mills, p	4	1	McMahon, 3d b	5	1
Total	17		Total	29	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Eckford	1	0	4	0	8	1	6	1	0	—17
Mutual	2	9	1	3	7	0	5	2	0	—29

Umpire—Mr. Miller of the Empire Club.
Scorers—Messrs. Watson and Dougan.
Passed balls—Wanaley, 5; Fisler, 1.
Home runs—Zeller, 1.
Fly catches made—Beach, 8; Wood, 3; Mills, 2; Swandell, 3; Grum, 1; Sherwood, 1; Manolt, 1; Fisler, 1; Snyder, 1; Beach, 1; —total, 16. Wanaley, 2; Zeller, 1; Hunt, 1; Harris, 1—total, 5.
Catches missed—Wanaley, 1; Goldie, 1; Zeller, 1; Manolt, 1; Swandell, 1; Mills, 1.
Put out on bases—Eckford, 10 times; Mutual, 5 times.
Put out on foul balls—Eckford, 6 times; Mutual, 6 times.
Run out—Fisler by Devyr.
Double plays—by Goldie and Harris.
Left on bases—Zeller, 1; Goldie, 2; Harris, 2; McMahon, 1; Manolt, 1; Beach, 1; Reach, 2; Snyder, 2.
Time of game—Two hours and fifty minutes.

THE EMPIRE CLUB IN ALBANY.

On Wednesday evening, Aug. 24th, the Empire Club of New York took their departure for Albany on the steamer St. John, and on Thursday morning duly arrived at their destination, being welcomed by a delegation of the Albany clubs, who escorted them to the Mansion House on Broadway, their headquarters during their sojourn in Albany. After dinner they were taken to the Parade Ground upon the hill, the ball grounds of the city, and shortly after 3 P. M. entered upon a game with the Knickerbocker club of Albany, one of the oldest and strongest clubs outside the metropolis, and an organization noted for its advocacy of the fly game, a rule of play the club have permanently adopted, greatly to their credit be it said. Both clubs were well represented, the Kickerbockers having a little the advantage in this respect, as they had out their full nine, whereas the Empires were minus the services of Benson, one of their best players. The Albanians, too, entered upon the contest with the prestige of the brilliant success they had achieved the day previous in a trial of skill they had with the Hudson River club, the nine of which they defeated by a score of 51 to 11 in a full game. By the time the game commenced, one of the most numerous and respectable assemblages ever seen at a ball match in Albany was collected, among them a bevy of Albanian belles, who all were glad to see present. It is to be hoped that the Knickerbocker club will at once see that measures are taken to provide the fair sex with accommodations for witnessing these contests. The customs of society exclude ladies from witnessing so many manly sports, that it would be too bad if they were deprived of the privilege of being spectators of matches from which every objectionable feature is removed that keeps them away from other out-door sports. It is to the advantage of base ball in every respect that the presence of the fair sex should be encouraged, and if the lady friends were invited on all occasions to participate in the hospitalities at the close of the game, the social pleasures of such festive meetings would be greatly enhanced. It was done at the Eagle and Excelsior match last year, and we trust to see frequent repetitions of it this season. The arrangements for keeping order and a clear field on this occasion were excellent, and reflected credit on the committee having the matter in charge. The game opened favorably for the Empires, who, by some very good base play, put out their opponents in the first innings for a blank score, while they secured two runs, Dr. Bell marking his batting with a fine hit. In the second innings the Knickerbockers returned the compliment of the blank score, marking their fielding with a pretty double play, and by the good batting of McDonald, secured a run. Some more good base play and effective catching behind on the part of the Empires resulted in another blank score for the Knickerbockers in the third innings, and the addition of another run for the Empires by the good batting of Simms and Dr. Bell, the totals at the close being 3 to 1 in favor of the Empires. At this stage of the game, matters looked promising for an interesting contest throughout, both sides playing skilfully in each department of the game, and each position of the two nines being creditably filled, the out field especially so, considering the rough character of the ground, which was death to a display of skill in fielding ground balls. In the fourth innings some loose fielding by the Empires, after two hands had been put out, resulted in giving their opponents 8 runs, but by good batting the Empires recovered their lost ground, adding 5 to their score thereby, the totals being 9 to 4 when the 5th innings was commenced. In the first two innings Dr. Bell had pitched on the Empire side, but becoming rather warm—it was very hot in the field at this time—he temporarily resigned in favor of Ward, the Doctor going to centre field for a rest a little. In the 5th innings he resumed his position. The result of the change, however, was anything but satisfactory, as the Knickerbockers hit him away to the tune of 10 runs in this innings, Gardner and Lathrop securing home runs by their fine hits. This result of course put Albany stock up in the market at once, but the sudden rise was checked by the counter operations of the Empires, who, by another score of 5, brought their figures up to within one of their opponents', the totals at the close of the 5th innings being 14 to 13 in favor of the Albanians. Thus far the game had been well played and closely contested, the errors being comparatively few and far between on both sides, and the good plays numerous. The 6th innings was entered upon with spirit by both parties, the Knickerbockers opening play with the advantage of the lead, the best part of the game being completed, while the Empires felt that it was time to go in and win if they intended returning home with the trophy of the occasion. After putting out their opponents for one run, which was obtained by a wild throw, the Empires went in and gave their adversaries a sample of what they could do in the batting line when they got their backs up on the subject, and had a victory in sight as a reward for their efforts, the result of their play at the bat in this inning being an addition of 8 runs to their score, this too being obtained, like the 10 runs of the Knickerbockers had been, by good batting more than loose fielding. The lead thus regained was maintained to the close; not, however, so much from their batting as from the effectiveness of their pitching and the good support it had in the field, the Doctor wisely placing Ward in the pitcher's position again after the close of the 5th innings, he seeing that Ward's swift, and on this occasion accurately pitched balls, were more effective against the Albanians than his own good style had been. Finally, after the Empires had been put out in their 8th innings for 23, and the Knickerbockers had been treated to their third blank score in their last innings, thereby leaving the totals at 23 to 18 and the victory in the hands of the Empires, the latter went into their last innings, and by some good batting, but chiefly by the very lax style of fielding shown by the Knickerbockers, they secured no less than 9 runs, thereby winning by a total score of 32 to 18, a lead of 14 runs, it being the first time in the annals of the Knickerbocker club that they had ever allowed such a score to be made against them, eight runs being the highest lead ever before obtained against them in a match. Of the play on the part of the Knickerbockers we have specially to notice the fine short fielding of McDonald; he threw accurately to the bases and made several beautiful stops of swiftly batted balls. The base play of Winne and Umpleby was also praiseworthy, barring the habit the former has of hindering players from making their bases, he thereby incurring a penalty which the Umpire might justly have inflicted on two separate occasions. The out fielding of Lathrop and Corey, too, was excellent, the fly catching of the former being quite a feature of the match. The pitcher did good service up to the last inning, when he, with all the rest, fell off in his play. Gardner and Delavarge had charge of the catching behind and both ably discharged their duties, the former having to return to 2d base early in the game from having one of his peepers closed by the ball. He went one eye on it well afterwards, however. Turner also did his duty at right field, the play of the nine on the whole being up to the mark of some of the best played games of the season. On the Empire side; one and all did good service in their respective positions, and why? we would ask; simply for the reason that for the second time this season *the right men were in their right places.* When the Empire practically realize the fact that keeping men in regular positions is one of the prominent elements of success, they will be rewarded by achieving just such creditable victories as they did on this occasion. Mr. John Willdey of the Mutual club ably discharged the duties of Umpire and to the entire satisfaction of all parties. At the close of the game the contestants and their friends adjourned to the club house adjoining the grounds, where they all sat down to an elegant entertainment hospitably provided by the Knickerbockers, at which a right social and lively time was had during the remainder of the evening. Having to report the Mutual and Active match in New York on Friday, we had to hasten to catch the evening boat and therefore were unable to witness the games of Friday and Saturday. During our brief sojourn in Albany we were the recipients of courteous attentions at the hands of the gentlemanly editor of the Albany *Express*, Mr. Cuyler, as also from Mr. Wildey of the Mutual club on our trip there and back. We append the scores of the two matches above referred to as being played on Wednesday and Thursday.

BATTING.

KNICKERBOCKER.	H. L.	R.	EMPIRE.	H. L.	R.
Gardner, c	2	3	Dr Bell, p	4	3
Winne, 1st b	5	1	Westervelt, 2d b	5	2
Corey, 1st b	2	3	Miller, 1st b	2	3
Ford, p	3	0	Ward, c f	4	3
Delavarge, 3d b	1	1	Wilson, l f	2	5
McDonald, s s	2	3	Jewett, c	4	6
Turner r f	2	3	Russell, s s	2	5
Umpleby, 2d b	1	3	Ryder, 2d b	1	5
Lathrop, l f	4	1	Simms, r f	3	3
Total	18		Total	33	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Knickerbocker	0	1	0	3	10	1	2	1	0	—18
Empire	2	0	1	5	5	3	2	0	5	—33

Umpire—Mr. Wildey, of the Mutual club.
Passed balls—Gardner, 6; Delavarge, 7; Jewett, 12.
Home runs—Dr. Bell, 1; Gardner, 1; Lathrop, 1.
Struck out—Ford, 2; Westervelt, 1.
Fly catches made—Lathrop, 3; Corey, 2; Ford, 2; Delavarge, 2; Umpleby, 2—total, 11. Jewett, 3; Russell, 3; Miller, 1; Ward, 1; Ryder, 1—total, 9.
Catches missed—Jewett, 2; Lathrop, 1; Delavarge, 1.
Put out on bases—Knickerbocker, 11 times; Empire, 12 times.
Put out on foul balls—Knickerbocker, 7 times; Empire, 4 times.
Double plays made—by Ford and Winne.
Left on bases—Miller, 2; Gardner, 1; Corey, 1; Ford, 1; Delavarge, 1; Umpleby, 1.
Run out—Simms, by Delavarge and Umpleby.
Time of game—three hours.

BATTING.

KNICKERBOCKER.	H. L.	R.	HUDSON RIVER.	H. L.	R.
Gardner, c	1	8	Miller, 2d b	2	3
Winne, 1st b	0	8	Phillips, r f	4	1
Corey, e f	2	6	Millspaugh, l f	3	1
Ford, p	6	4	Boyd, c	2	2
Delavarge, 3d b	2	6	Kelly, 1st b	4	0
Parkes, s s	5	4	Mapes, p	1	0
Umpleby, 2d b	3	6	Fisher, s s	5	0
Lathrop, l f	2	6	Moore, 3d b	4	0
Grace, r f	5	3	Lansing, c f	2	1
Total	51		Total	12	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Knickerbocker	5	10	1	7	2	1	3	11	11	—51
Hudson River	1	1	0	0	2	1	0	2	4	—11

Umpire—Mr. C. Ertzberger, of the Eckford club.
Scorers—Messrs. Vernol and Murdis.

ATLANTIC VS. GOTHAM.—These clubs played at Hoboken on Aug. 23d, for the first time since 1858, the result being the success of the Atlantics by a score of 14 to 9, in a full game of two and a half hours' duration. Both clubs were strongly represented, the Atlantics having their full nine out, except Pearce, and a good substitute was in his place. Pearce's absence was owing to the death of his child, which, we regret to learn, occurred early on the morning of the match. The Gothams fielded and batted splendidly in a majority of the innings, and well deserved the victory they were so near obtaining. As it was, they achieved a decided triumph. Thorn pitched finely, and, being well supported in the field, his pitching was made effective. The two Wrights, Squires and Gibney especially distinguished themselves in their positions; in fact, all did their duty thoroughly up to the last innings, when there was somewhat of a falling off. The Atlantics resorted to the old time policy of changing the positions of their players in the field when errors were committed, and hence the result. The umpire satisfactorily discharged his duties, and the Atlantics were hospitably entertained at the close of the game. The score:—

BATTING.

GOTHAM.	H. L.	R.	ATLANTIC.	H. L.	R.
G. Wright, c	2	1	Smith, s s	5	1
Gibney, 2d b	2	2	Start, 1st b	3	3
Thorn, p	1	1	P. O'Brien, l f	4	1
Squires, s s	4	1	Galvin, 3d b	4	1
H. Wright, 3d b	3	1	Crane, 2d b	2	3
McGraw, 1st b	6	0	Chapman, c	3	2
Beadle, r f	2	1	Pratt, p	0	2
Dockney, c f	3	1	Sid. Smith, c f	2	2
Robinson, l f	3	1	Al. Smith, r f	4	0
Total	9		Total	14	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Gotham	1	2	3	1	0	0	0	0	0	—9
Atlantic	1	0	2	0	0	0	1	6	4	—14

Umpire—Mr. Harris of the Mutual Club.
Scorers—Messrs Beadle and Mowisen.
Passed balls—Chapman, 3; Crane, 1; G. Wright, 1.
Home runs—H. Wright, 1.
Struck out—A. Smith, 1.
Fly catches made—Thorn, 1; McGraw, 1—total, 2. Galvin, 3; Pratt, 2; Chapman, 2; Start, 1; P. O'Brien, 1; Galvin, 1; Crane, 1; Chapman, 1; Pratt, 3; S. Smith, 1; A. Smith, 1.
Time of game—Two hours and thirty minutes.

ACTIVE VS. MUTUAL.—These clubs played their first game on Aug 26th, the result being the decided success of the Mutuals, by a score of 22 to 3 in a full game. Both clubs had their best teams out, the Actives having a stronger nine on hand than in any of their previous games this season; but they were so badly in want of practice as entirely to nullify the effects of such a combination of skilful players. For this reason we forbear from comment on the errors they committed, briefly remarking that their pitcher and catcher alone played up to the mark of the club in the game. The Mutuals played one of their best games, and won a creditable victory. The umpire satisfactorily discharged his duty and despite the defeat of the Actives sustained, they never once forgot that they had their reputation as gentlemanly players to preserve as well as to strive for victory, the conduct of both nines throughout the game being models for the ball players to copy from who cannot bear defeat without growling and losing their tempers. We give the score below.

BATTING.

MUTUAL.	H. L.	R.	ACTIVE.	H. L.	R.
Wansley, c	3	3	Page, 2d b	3	0
Devyr, s s	3	3	Rogers, 1st b	4	0
Zeiber, l f	3	3	Rooney, 3d b	3	0
Ward, r f	3	3	Stoutenberg, s s	4	0
Goldie, 1st b	3	4	Kelly, c	4	0
Brown, 2d b	4	2	Snow, c f	3	2
Patterson, c f	1	1	Hibbard, r f	3	1
McMahon, 3d b	3	2	Vanderwerken, l f	2	0
Harris, p	5	1	Walker, p	2	0
Total	32		Total	25	

RUNS MADE IN EACH INNINGS.

	1st	2d	3d	4th	5th	6th	7th	8th	9th	
Mutual	4	0	8	3	0	5	1	1	6	—22
Active	0	2	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	—3

Umpire—Mr. Burtis, of the Gotham Club.
Passed balls—Kelley, 4; Wansley, 1.
Fly catches made—McMahon, 4; Devyr, 2; Zeller, 1; Goldie, 1; total, 8. Kelley, 5; Page, 1; Snow, 1; Hibbard, 1; Vanderwerken, 1—total, 9.
Catches missed—Rogers, 2; Snow, 2; Page, 1; Kelley, 1; Brown, 1; Devyr, 1.
Put out on bases—Mutual, 5 times; Active, 8 times.
Put out on foul balls—Mutual, 11 times; Active, 4 times.
Left on bases—Page, 1; Rooney, 1; Vanderwerken, 1; Walker, 1; Patterson, 3.
Time of game—Two hours and 15 minutes.

THE MUTUALS EN ROUTE FOR ALBANY.—The Mutuals left New York on Monday evening for Albany, Utica, and Troy, to return on Saturday.

THE HERO AND CLINTON ball clubs of Albany played a match on the 21st ult., which was very stubbornly contested, the batting on both sides being splendid. The Clinton club finally won by a score of 45 to 35.

THE JUNIOR CONVENTION of base ball players of New York occurs on Wednesday of this week, August 31st, at the Gotham Cottage, in the Bowery. A full attendance is requested.

BASE BALL AT CAIRO, ILLINOIS.—A base ball club has recently been organized at Cairo, Illinois, the officers of which are as follows: President, A. B. Safford; Vice President, Samuel Safford; Secretary, H. H. Candee; Treasurer, Henry Halliday; Directors, J. H. Wilson, R. J. Colburn, and J. P. R. Lockwood. Tuesday and Friday of each week have been selected for practice days. The club numbers among its members some of the most substantial citizens of Cairo, and may be set down as a complete success.

THE RING.

INDIAN CLUBS! INDIAN CLUBS!!--No better gymnastic appliances exist for simplicity of use, or tending more to a general development and strengthening of the physical system, than the Indian Club, and it is fast coming into public favor as a means of exercise. Mr. S. D. KEHOE, the principal manufacturer of Indian Clubs in this country, is now in receipt of orders from all sections, and he is filling them up as rapidly as possible. Mr. Kehoe made the Clubs used by JOHN C. HEENAN and JOE COBURN, the Pugilistic Champions, in their training. Also for DUDLEY KAVANAGH, the Billiard Champion, and JAMES HAMILL, the Aquatic Champion.

Clubs, 6 to 8 lbs. ..... $6 per pair
" 10 to 12 " ..... 6 " "
Dumb Bells, from ..... $3 to 4 " "

Orders addressed to S. D. KEHOE, BOX 4810, Post Office, New York, will receive immediate attention. 14-tf

All orders outside of New York city must be accompanied with the money.

HARRY JENNINGS' PATENT INPALLIBLE MAGIC SOAP.

For the destruction of FLEAS, BUGS, and all kinds of Vermin.
HARRY JENNINGS,
82 Portland street, Boston,
6 Sole Proprietor and Patentee.

THE NAUTILUS BRANCH.--THOMAS C. BURNS has removed from the Old Homestead on Staten Island to this City, and can hereafter always be found at No. 1 BARCLAY STREET, on the corner of Broadway, where he has laid in a store of the Choicest Wines, Liquors, Ales, and Cigars, making his bar unsurpassed in quality. Mr. Burns will always be happy to see his friends and the public at the Branch, where all the above luxuries can be enjoyed in Oriental style. 8-3m

BOXING GLOVES! BOXING GLOVES!!---OLD BILL TOVER, Master of Ceremonies of the Ring, will send per express a superior sett of GLOVER'S BOXING GLOVES, to any State now in the Union, on receipt of $5. GLOVES CLEANED at the shortest notice. Address WILLIAM TOVER,
14-tf No. 576 Second av., corner of 35th st., N. Y. City.

"ED WILSON."
Has fitted up the elegant and extensive premises at
No. 16 LEROY PLACE,
Corner of Bleecker and Greene streets,
as a first class Bar and Club Room, where the worthy host is ready to bid a hearty welcome to all. His Wines, Liquors, and Cigars are unsurpassed, and everything is of the best quality. A splendid PORTRAIT GALLERY on exhibition.
"ED'S" Country Residence, "THE RUINS," Weehawken, is also open for the Summer Season. 14-3m

THE "STAR OF THE WEST,"
292 CENTRE STREET.
WINES, LIQUORS, ALES, AND CIGARS
OF THE FINEST QUALITY.
CANINE SPORTS EVERY MONDAY EVENING.
The use of the pit gratis for gentlemen to try their dogs.
BARNEY AARON, [3-tf] HUGH RILEY.

THE CHARLES H. MARSHALL HOUSE.
MICHAEL HENRY ..... Proprietor.
No. 60 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN.
THE CHOICEST
ALES, WINES, LIQUORS, AND SEGARS. 20-

THE X-10-U-S,
No. 12 EAST HOUSTON STREET.
HARRY LAZARUS ..... Proprietor
Everything "Pro Bono Publico." Edibles, Bibibles, and Smokables, all "non com paratus est." Then welcome all, heartily welcome every one. Open Day and Night.
PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 62-tf

Harry Hill's
EXCHANGE CLUB ROOMS AND RESTAURANT,
NO. 26 EAST HOUSTON STREET,
Near Broadway.
FAMOUS FOR ITS OPTIME REFRESHMENTS,
WINES, LIQUORS, ALES, AND CIGARS A NO. 1.
THE HEADQUARTERS FOR ALL SPORTING ON DITS.
HARMONY, SOCIABILITY, MUSIC AND DANCING.
HARRY HILL is also Proprietor of that Suburban retreat, known as the PARK COTTAGE, cor. 71st st. and 3d Ave. 19-3m

IZZY LAZARUS, Eagle Shades,
223 CENTRE STREET, One Door from Grand-st.
Choice Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars. Chops, Steaks, Welsh Rarebits, and Cold Cuts, at all hours. FREE AND EASY Monday and Saturday Evenings. IZZY LAZARUS, Proprietor. [3-tf]

SADDLE ROCK OYSTER and DINING SALOON,
136 CHATHAM STREET.
Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Segars of superior quality.
Refreshments at all hours.
M. THAINOR & M. STANTON, Proprietors.
PRIVATE LESSONS IN THE ART OF SELF DEFENCE, by
17-tf MICHAEL THAINOR.

Fulton Ale Vaults,
89 FULTON STREET, BROOKLYN,
BY ED. LOWERY.
Ed. will be happy to see his friends at his new Hotel, where the choicest Ales, Wines, Liquors and Segars are kept constantly on hand; with a fine Concert every Wednesday Evening. How's your nose? 16-3t*

'Old House at Home,"
228 STATE STREET, ROCHESTER, N. Y.
JAMES McBRIDE ..... Proprietor.
The best Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars. Gloves always on hand. PRIVATE LESSONS GIVEN IN SPARRING. 17-3m*

The California Exchange,
NO. 423 BROOME STREET, near Broadway.
JOHNNY LAZARUS ..... Proprietor.
The very best Ales, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
A GRAND BALL EVERY EVENING.
17. OPEN NIGHT AND DAY.

White House. White House.
JOE COBURN & CAPT. SAUNDERS, PROPRIETORS.
No. 113 GRAND ST., near BROADWAY.
Everything of the best brand. Wines, Liquors, Ales, Segars to suit the most fastidious. All the Great News of Coburn's match with Mace for the Championship of the World to be learned from Sir Joseph's Uncle, the valiant captain of the 69th Regiment Irish Volunteers. A splendid Oil Painting of the American Champion just added—also a Photograph of the Irish-American trio, taken in Bellingoola. The White House is the only house in the country where reliable "tips" on the forthcoming mill may be learned. 19-tf

BILLIARD HALL, No. 206 Eighth Avenue.
Five of Phelan & Collender's unsurpassable tables; the Bar well stocked and the coolest and best lighted rooms in the city.
19-tf MELVIN FOSTER, Proprietor.

"Sportsmen's Hall,"
COR. THIRD AND WOOD STS., PITTSBURGH, PA.
JOHNNY LOUDON hereby informs his friends and the sporting public that this famous hostelrie is now second to none in the country for its SUPERIOR VIANDS, and CIGARS, GIGANTIC PORTRAIT GALLERY, and general Fixtures.
PUBLIC SPARRING every Saturday evening.
PRIVATE INSTRUCTION in the Art of BOXING by
21-3m* JOHNNY LOUDON.

FIGHTS TO COME.

Joe Coburn vs. Jem Mace, for the Championship of the World and $2,500 a side, Tuesday, Oct. 4th, in Ireland.

SEPTEMBER 27.—Jack Turner vs. Jim Kerrigan, $1000 a side, at 130 lbs.

28.—Patrick Fitzpatrick vs. John Murphy, $600 a side, catch weight.

OCTOBER 6.—Mike Noonan vs. Mike Dorsey, $500 a side, catch weight.

18.—Pete Martin vs. Dooney Harris, $1000 a side, catch weight.

TIME AND PLACE OF DEPOSITING.

NOONAN VS. DORSEY.

Deposit.	A side.	Place.	Time.
7th	$50	Guy's Bandbox, Water st.,	Aug. 30.
8th	50	Colbert's, Houston and Crosby sts.,	Sept. 6.
9th	50	Murphy's, Columbia and Degraw sts.	Sept 13.
10th & last	50	H. Lazarus', 12

BEAUTY'S PUNISHMENT

For Man's Presumption.

BY JAMES BRETON.

I said I'd count her beauties,
In a vow I made Dan Cupid;
But, entering on the duties,
I found the venture stupid;
For, as her eyes beginning,
I found those orbs of lightness
Would punish well such sinning
By death, with so much brightness.

I tried to count the glories
Of her red lips asunder,
Said I, "Oh! what a store is
Of hidden pearl there under!"
But soon, like one who gazes
On snow-piles round him gleaming,
I lost seemed mid the mazes
Of pearly white teeth beaming.

I tried to count the graces
That in her bright cheeks clusters,
But found, so fair that face is,
A blindness from its lustre!
So you red sun that burneth,
When I dare meet its blazing,
A thousand tints returneth,
As punishment for gazing.

Perfection she! I, error;
I soon found how I stumbled;
I gave it up in terror,
Subdued, abashed, and humbled.
Unworthy task and groundless,
Thus beauty's worth to dim it;
My fair one's charms were boundless,
Her beauties without limit.

THE WHITE GIPSY:

OR,

The Avenging Track of the Escaped Convict.

A ROMANCE OF CITY AND FOREST.

CHAPTER XLVI.—CONTINUED.

The express coach from London arrived at the "Goat Inn" at twelve o'clock at night. By this coach arrived a man, apparently of some forty years of age. He was stoutly built, with hair rather rough and looking like a wig, while a large beard and moustache obscured the lower part of his face. He asked the way to the "Forest Gate Arms," and on arriving there, inquired at once for Mrs. Le Morneaut. As Jasper Hawk had given instructions that every person was to be admitted, the stranger was at once ushered into her presence.

"Good evening, ma'am," he said, in a gruff, uncouth voice.

"Good evening, sir," returned Constance, eyeing him in evident wonder. "May I inquire the nature of your business?"

The stranger had taken a seat.

"My name is Dorrington, ma'am—Richard Dorrington, of the detective police, ma'am—and I am come down to see you in regard to this murder."

Constance trembled and turned pale. Why was this? Did she not expect this man? Was it not on him that she relied in her scheme of deadly revenge?

"Oh, indeed!" she faltered; "I was not aware that—that——"

The detective burst into a loud and hearty laugh.

"Come," he cried, "I must be well disguised, mother, if you, even you, do not recognize me——"

The voice was that of Henri le Morneaut, her son. What meant this masquerade? A smile replaced the distortion of fear which had convulsed her features. She pressed her hand against her bosom, and sank down into the chair from which she had started when Henri had mentioned his fictitious name.

"Yes, indeed, you *are* well disguised," she said: "you quite alarmed me. But tell me, how fares our scheme? Have you the warrant ready?"

Henri took a paper from his pocket and handed it to his mother. It was the warrant. An admirable forgery! The hand which had so cleverly copied the signature of Sir Mordaunt Carew had experienced no difficulty in imitating also the handwriting of a Judge. Constance read it eagerly.

"You have done it well," she said at length. "I only hope that you will go on as well till the end."

Henri smiled bitterly.

"Depend upon it," he said, "you will not find me fail. I hate them both too much to lose sight of my revenge."

On the following morning, Henri, or, as we may more conveniently call him, Mr. Richard Dorrington, was introduced to Mr. Jasper Hawk. The accomplished young villain had managed to disguise himself so thoroughly well, that the thieves' lawyer had no suspicion that he was being duped by him. But yet there was a vague kind of idea in his mind that there was something wrong. A vague kind of idea that Mrs. Constance le Morneaut was duping him. A vague idea that he—the thieves' lawyer—would come out second best from the affair. Yet, what could he do? A large prize was in view, and should he abandon it? Besides, there was a satisfaction in his own mind. In the end, they would be convinced that "Set a thief to catch a thief" was not always a good maxim. So, two days after the arrival of Mr. Richard Dorrington at the Forrest Gate Arms, he and Jasper Hawk sailed for France. It was rather a vague kind of expedition, for neither of them knew where the one they sought had landed, or whither they were bound. Henri, however, depended upon the superior capacity of Jasper Hawk to aid him, while Jasper felt supremely comfortable in the thought that he had with him one so experienced as Richard Dorrington, of the detective police. The heart of Constance le Morneaut leaped in her breast when she saw them depart together. She was confident in the sagacity of Jasper Hawk, while, on the other hand, she had full reliance on Henri's undying hate. So the vengeful woman remained quietly in the neighborhood of the castle, elated at the knowledge that she had laid a train by which the happiness of many would be destroyed.

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE CRUISE OF THE LAUGHING NELLY.

When the Laughing Nelly left the shores of England, it seemed as if it were plunging down into the sea. And what a sea! A sea like a dark abyss, with great cavernous voids everywhere beneath, and foam-crested waves above. Now the vessel was poised, as it were, upon the edge of a billow. Now it plunged down—down into the watery depths, until all around it was nothing but the black darkness. Above it there was nothing more inviting. Over the heavens the clouds were piled so thickly that not a star was visible anywhere. So not one of those on board the Laughing Nelly could see anything—not even the faces of one another. Neither could they hear anything but the wild beatings of the storm. The wind howling amid the rigging; the water lashing the creaking timbers; the surging of the foaming waves. These were all the sounds they heard. At length, over the roll and swell, as the Laughing Nelly fell and rose, Simon Shapcott distinguished a light. They had been so long out at sea that he did not for one moment doubt that that they were nearing a beaconlight, which was familiar to every one of his crew. So towards it he steered.

"We've got the Red Beacon ahead of us now, my boys!" he shouted; "so we've got something to guide us. If the weather don't mend afore we reach it we must put into the Sea Gull Bay, and wait till morning."

On therefore, towards the hoped-for haven they steered through the darkness. It seemed, certainly, to them that they approached the light with extraordinary rapidity. It was only when the disaster was not to be avoided that the crew of the Laughing Nelly saw the meaning of the light which they had mistaken for the beacon fire. It was the light swung at the poop of a vessel bound for the Land's End. Above the storm—above the roaring of the waves and the sighing of the great wind—could be heard the cries of human beings in the last agony of despair. Simon Shapcott, seeing that the collision was inevitable, rushed to the little cabin, where Bamfylde and Alice were sitting. Alice, half dead with fright, scarcely heard, and certainly did not understand, one word which was uttered by the brave sailor.

"Mr. Carew," he cried, "danger's ahead of us. You must hold fast to the ship, for I fear we shall be run down."

In an instant Bamfylde comprehended the situation. He rose, and clasping Alice with one arm, held fast to a rope by the other. Simon Shapcott, stern and resolute, stood at the helm. What human energy could not effect, he effected. But the Laughing Nelly was perfectly unmanageable. The wind and the waves seemed battling to obtain a mastery over her. So the collision came. The little vessel shook and shivered—gave a plunge backwards, and then forwards, and then went down with a will, its timbers separating, and flying in every direction. As soon as Bamfylde saw the extent of the calamity which had befallen them, he loosed his hold of the rope, and seizing the first piece of timber within his reach, supported himself upon it, while he held Alice with the other arm. Oh, with what a strong hold the young husband held his wife to his breast in the storm! Oh, how he loved her at that moment! Oh, how he remembered at this instant all the trials they had undergone together! Yet, amid the despair and the terrific agony of that hour, Bamfylde never once thought of death. He knew it threatened them. He knew that above, around, below them were the howling ministers of the arch destroyer. Yet, while Alice was still near him, he feared nothing. He could not think they had been united to part so soon. Not while his strong arm circled her—not while he had power to battle with the tempest—could he yield to despair. They were thrown by the shock far beyond the black hull of the vessel which had destroyed the Laughing Nelly. This was their salvation. Bucked down beneath that huge ship they would have never lived an instant. By a kind Providence, therefore, they were flung aside, and when they rose to the surface, they were far behind the ship, drifting in towards shore. This shore was, for the most part, composed of high chalk cliffs, with scarcely any beach beneath. Even where the beach was usually discoverable, all trace of it was now hidden by the rolling waves. At the mercy of these waves, however, they were; and they waited in suspense—terrible, deadly suspense. I should rather say, he waited. Bamfylde alone retained consciousness. Alice lay senseless, pale, without life or motion, upon the plank which served to keep them from sinking. About half a mile beyond the point where the collision had taken place, was a little bay, towards which the land sloped down, as in the bay near Margate—green and inviting in the day time and moonlight, but lost now amid the surrounding gloom of the storm. Into this bay the great waves rolled, surging over the pebbly beach, and reaching high up on the greensward. This bay was the savior of Bamfylde and his wife. Flung from the ocean into this bay, they were floated on gently until they were cast suddenly high and dry upon the grass. Oh! how in that moment Bamfylde thanked heaven for their delivery! Even though cast upon that land from which they were so eagerly flying, they were at least saved from a terrible doom. The shock brought Alice to herself. She opened her eyes; but in the darkness she could see nothing. She felt, however, her husband's arm around her, and knew that her head rested on his knees, and that he was leaning over her fondly and anxiously.

"Where are we, Bamfylde?" she murmured.

He kissed her lips ere he answered.

"We are saved, dearest!" he cried. "Cast by the savage storm again upon that shore from which we were flying! Fear no more, therefore, but thank heaven for our deliverance!"

As he was speaking, they distinguished, even amid the gloom, a dark object, which seemed to rise upwards into the air, and then rush forward toward's land. It was a man's body. Bamfylde went eagerly towards him, scarcely daring to hope that he lived. A voice gave him a joyful surprise. It was Simon Shapcott.

"How now? Whom have we here?" spluttered the fisherman, as he stood upright, and shook himself like a great Newfoundland dog just emerged from a bath.

"Bamfylde Carew and his wife," returned the White Gipsy.

"Thank heaven!"

These words express always a world of gratitude. But what infinite thankfulness—what gratefulness indescribable—did they not convey, as expressed by the fisherman! He walked to the spot where Alice sat on the ground.

"Madam," he said, "let me express to you my great joy that you are saved! If you and your husband had been lost in this storm, I'd never have gone back home again. I fear we are the only ones left; the others were dragged in under the vessel, and never rose again, I'm thinking."

As morning neared, the tempest subsided; and ere the sun broke over the sea in floods of gold and crimson, the ocean was smiling, as if no storm had ever since its creation disturbed it. But though the water was clear as glass, and only little rippling wavelets beat against the shore, there were yet terrible evidences of the disaster which had happened. Broken spars, torn pieces of sails, oars, and dead bodies. These were the gifts of the morning. These were the objects which greeted the eyes of the shipwrecked three as they watched the incoming waves. Of the crew of the Laughing Nelly but one was saved, and that one was Simon Shapcott. When Alice, in the morning, realized the extent of the calamity, she took the sailor's brawny hand in her tiny palm.

"Simon," she said, "I thank heaven for your escape more than for anything. If you had perished—if I had thought that I and my husband had been saved by the destruction of your life, and the hopes of your family, I should never have known peace again."

"Well," returned the sailor, sturdily, "I can't say I wanted to die. I am far too happy at home, and the young ones are too little to be left yet. But now we are here, we're not in safety. How do you propose to get over now, Mr. Bamfylde?

"I propose nothing, Simon. I have no idea how we are to go over."

"You had better go by the smuggling craft," returned Simon. "I know the fellows who belong to her; they'll be glad to do anything for me, for I did them a good turn once upon a time."

"And where are they to be found?" asked Bamfylde.

"Close handy. Leave all to me, sir. You have saved your money, I hope?"

"I have—all."

"You have twenty pounds?"

"Yes, and five times as much."

"Then it is as good as done. Come with me now; I'll show you a place where you can conceal yourselves till I come back, and when I do come back, I'll bring with me something to eat and drink."

"Beneath an overhanging ledge of chalk cliff he left them. In about an hour he returned. The expression of his face was enough to show that he was the bearer of good news.

"Mr. Carew," he said, as he flung himself down on the sand, and began undoing a bundle which he had carried under his arm—"Mr. Carew, it's all settled. To-night, as soon as it gets dark, I'm to take you and the lady round to the cave; it'll be a beautiful night, and you'll have a splendid passage."

The bread and ale which Simon had brought with him, and which he spread out before them with infinite gusto, were eaten in silence. Now Simon had arranged everything, he had become moody. Bamfylde observed it.

"What ails you, Simon?" he said.

"Nothing, sir."

"You are very silent."

The man drew the sleeve of his coat across his eyes, as if to wipe away a tear.

"The truth is, sir," he said, "I'm thinking of the Laughing Nelly, and those that have gone down in her. A ship is a sailor's child, if she be not his mistress; and when he loses her, it's like losing the best friend he's got in the world."

Towards evening, Simon left them again, and climbed the cliffs. As soon as it was dark he returned.

"It's time now, sir," he said; "the signal has been given." Readily the young couple followed him. Round the edge of the bay, if I may so call it, they went, until they arrived at a spot where about a dozen artificial steps led up to a natural cavern.

In this cavern there were about a dozen men and women—some preparing an early supper, some seated and engaged in various occupations, such as cleaning guns or cutlasses, or mending belts. A young man of superior appearance came forward and greeted them.

"Our vessel sails in an hour," he said, respectfully; "till then, allow me to offer you a seat here, and also a portion of our supper."

"I thank you," answered Bamfylde, heartily. "We will gladly accept your hospitality. Our misfortunes have, by their happy ending, whetted our appetites, and taught us how pleasant life is, even in its roughest phase, so that it be free."

A gratified smile crossed the smuggler's face as the White Gipsy spoke; and, with a glance of unfeigned admiration at Alice, he led them towards their seats. After partaking of supper, the smugglers and their new friends went on board. As they did so, Bamfylde turned to Simon Shapcott.

"Simon," he said, "why are you with us? There is no need for you to accompany us. You are expected at home, and your absence will cause sorrow and alarm to your wife. Return, therefore, and be assured that we are now safe."

The fisherman shook his head.

"No, no!" he said; "I will not leave you. My business is to see you safe on the French coast, and, until that is the case, my place is by your side."

So with them he went. The night was calm and beautiful. The ship glided smoothly and easily over a silver sea. The revenue cutters seemed to have chosen another station for that night, and they were as unmolested as if they had been simply on a fishing excursion, instead of being on their way to lay in a cargo of spirits. The port to which the smuggling craft was bound was Calais. When they arrived it was evening. Simon Shapcott, who had several times visited the port, soon found them a lodging a little distance from the town. Do not fancy that because they escaped the town, they were, therefore, located in a pleasant suburb. No. It was on a dry, hard road that Pere Bornet's house was situated. The room which Bamfylde and Alice took (one room, in consideration of their supposed condition) overlooked this road.

Monsier Bornet was an odd kind of person, who looked more like a retired cook than anything. Such, however, was not his vocation. He had none, in fact. He had lived as long as he could recollect in that house, and as long as he had earned anything, he had lived by letting lodgings. English people, men and women, who ran away from England to avoid creditors, or wives, or husbands, found his a convenient retreat; because here they could obtain healthful recreation without being observed. Behind the house was a large garden, stretching away towards the sea. From the end of this, over a rough wall, made of stones, heaped indiscriminately together, and cemented with earthy mortar, you could see down over walled fields to the sea, upon whose bosom the stately ships floated. And here, for nearly three months, Bamfylde and Alice remained.

"And why," says the reader,—"why do you not leave them here? Why, after all their trials and wanderings, cannot you leave them to enjoy their new-found happiness?"

Because, gentle reader, I am telling a true story; because Bamfylde Moore Carew really lived and suffered, and to narrate his history I must follow truth. At the end of the time I have mentioned, Alice Carew was sitting in her room, when a gentleman from England was announced. Bamfylde was in the back garden. Knowing that in France they were safe from persecution, she saw him readily. The gentleman was Jasper Hawk, and he was accompanied by Mr. Richard Dorrington.

"I wish to see Mr. Carew," said Hawk.

She knew him by her father's description of him.

"I do not think it is worth while for you to see him," she said. "Your persecution ends in England."

Jasper replied not. Dorrington spoke for him.

"Yes," he said; "as regards the charge of high treason, we have no authority. The warrant I hold, however, has relation to murder!"

TO BE CONTINUED.

DUMMY BRADLEY;

OR,

The Seducer's Fate.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

BY JACK PERCY.

I was sauntering slowly along Broadway one evening, about a year since, when I was suddenly saluted with a vigorous slap on the shoulder, and, turning, I saw an old friend named Avery.

"Hello, Jack!" said he, "where are you sailing to?"

"Nowhere particular," replied I, "I only came out for a walk."

"I'll tell you where we'll go, then. My old company has got a new truck, and the boys are giving a reception to their friends. Suppose we go over, get a glass of lager and a sandwich, and take a look at the new apparatus."

"Agreed," said I.

Turning down a side-street, we soon reached the house of the fire-company, which was in a blaze of light within. Outside, in the street, there was a tremendous bonfire, surrounded by a crowd of small boys, whose attire was of different qualities and in various stages of dilapidation, who, every now and then, gave vent to their enthusiasm by cheering loudly for —— Truck. There was a continuous stream of men entering and leaving the house. We entered with the crowd, and found ourselves in a queer assemblage, some of whom had on the traditional fire-coat and red shirt, while others were all out in their light pants, patent leather boots, and Derby hats. These last generally belonged to some of the uptown quill-companies—country firemen, some people call them. On entering, our ears were saluted on all sides by such remarks as, "It was a side-walk pass; it wasn't square." "The hydrant in the Points has the most force." One genius, with close-cropped black hair, was very loud in his expressions of dislike of a downtown company: "You don't call *them* pullers," said he, with a prolonged drawl; "they ain't got no beef at all. Them fellers got passed twice in three days; 80 Hose passed them, and then 20 Truck gave it to them, and then they laid for 61 Engine, and couldn't catch them. Call *them* fellers *quick*; bah!"

Facing the entrance was the new truck, resplendent with all the glory of fresh paint, polished steel and silver. Her signals were lit, and, taken altogether, she was a beautiful object to look at. The truth of the old saying that, no matter how near a thing approaches perfection there is always some one to find fault, was fully exemplified in this instance.

One said, "The tongue is too high," another, "She won't fit the track," another, "There's too much silver about her," and so on, *ad libitum*. Firemen are hard to please. On each of the four cradles of the truck there was a portrait. One of them struck me forcibly, by reason of the melancholy expression which was stamped upon the countenance. To judge by the picture, he must have been about thirty years of age, and a splendidly developed specimen of muscular humanity. He had close-cut, red hair, and blue eyes, and his features might be called handsome. He had on the old style drab fire-coat and red shirt, and on one side of the figure in the picture there was a table with a fireman's cap and trumpet on it.

My friend Avery was alongside of me, and I turned and asked him whose portrait it was.

"That's Dummy Bradley"—replied Avery—"Poor fellow! he was killed at a fire many years ago."

"Dummy Bradley?" said I, in return; "I have heard of a good many queer nicknames in the department, but I never heard of a fireman being called 'Dummy' before. They can generally talk enough, in all conscience."

"So could Dummy once," said my friend. "But come; we will get a glass of lager and something to eat from the boys, and then we'll go up stairs to the meeting-room, and I'll tell you all about Dummy."

"Do, by all means," replied I. "I always like to hear about the 'old heads.'"

Having reached the supper table and refreshed our inner man, Avery led the way up stairs to the meeting room, seated himself on a sofa, and went on as follows: I will give the story in his own words, as near as I can:—

"Some twenty years ago," said Avery, "when I first joined the Department, I became a member of 97 Engine, and among the many good fellows in the company was Tom. Bradley. You can form some idea of his appearance by the picture down stairs; but when I first saw him there was none of that melancholy look about him. Summer and winter he wore a red shirt and black pants; indeed, it was his only costume except when he went to the engine's ball, and then he used to dress with the best of them. He was of a lively, impulsive nature, easily excited, as easily quieted, and as gentle as a child with those for whom he had a regard. Still he could be a most implacable enemy. I often heard him say he could never forget a favor and would never forgive an injury. He was the life of the company. None of us could sing a comic song or tell a queer story like Tom. He could take the bight of the rope anywhere in the town without any trouble, but pipe rushing was his great forte. At almost any fire, if you would ask, 'Who's got the pipe?' the reply would be 'Bradley.' When others became sickened and blinded with the smoke and heat, and would desert their pipes, Tom would stand firm as a statue, and never think of leaving until the walls commenced to totter or he was ordered to 'back out.' He was as fine a specimen of a 'red hot fire laddie' as ever was seen. Every night, as soon as he got his supper, Tom would hurry to the engine house, and never leave it (except in case of fire) until the next morning. One night Tom did not come to the engine house, and every one remarked it. Another and another night passed, and still Tom did not appear. One of the boys, thinking this was very strange, called at Tom's place of business, and was informed that he had left the city, but no one could tell where he had gone. After an absence of about a week, Tom came into the engine house, and instead of giving us his usual hearty greeting of 'Good evening, fellows,' he walked to the back of the room, and sat down, without speaking a word. His face was deathly pale, and his eyes looked wild, while his hands were continually opening and clenching, as if he was under the influence of some terrible passion. All of us looked on him with astonishment, but no one spoke till I went up to him, and asked what was the matter?"

"Nothing, Avery, nothing," replied Tom. "For God's sake, don't talk to me now," and again he relapsed into silence. There was not much hilarity in the engine house that night, for every one liked Tom, and all were pained to see him in trouble.

We did not see Tom again for two or three nights, and when he came we hardly knew him, he had so changed. The bright jovial look was all gone, and in its stead had come a settled look of grief, as if he was continually brooding on some great sorrow. He seldom spoke after this, except in answer to questions, but would sit hour after hour without saying one word. Then they called him Dummy.

One night Tom and myself were alone in the engine house, he, as usual, occupying a chair without speaking. At last I got tired of the continued silence, and said to him:—

"Tom, what's got into you. You're worse than a sick bear?" "Am I?" said he. "Yes, you are," said I. "Why don't you wake up, and have a little life in you?"

The answer came from him so coldly that it startled me.

"I have too much now; I wish I had less," he said.

"Tom, tell me what has happened. If I can be of service ——"

"You can do no good," he interrupted, "but I will tell you everything. You have seen my sister Ellen?"

"Yes."

"She is dead."

"Dead!" cried I in astonishment. "I heard nothing of it."

"I know it," he replied. "She did not die in the city, and you are the first I have spoken to about it."

"Yes; but, Tom, you should not give way so."

"Listen. You recollect one night some time since I came in here much excited. You asked the cause, and I answered nothing. On that day I had returned from my sister's funeral. Ellen was living in the country with an aunt of ours. I used to write to her regularly, and she used to answer me as regularly. You know I loved this old engine so much that there was but little room left in my heart for affection for another object, but what there was, was for my sister. I did not go to see her often. All at once her letters seemed to change; she seemed to be uneasy—to be in grief. I wrote to learn the cause. I waited for a long time but received no answer. I was in the act of writing a second letter, when I received a letter from my aunt, informing me that Ellen was sick. I immediately hastened to her. I found her dying. She had been made the dupe of a villain, and had become the victim of an abortionist. A smooth-tongued scoundrel, skilled in all the arts of crime, had won her pure heart, and she had fallen. From her own lips I heard the story, but she steadfastly refused to reveal the name of her destroyer. He had left the place, leaving no trace by which I could ascertain his whereabouts. Poor Ellen died, and the only clue I could find to her murderer was this picture, which I found in her bureau after she had died. From a description given me by one of the neighbors, I knew that it was his." Bradley here produced a small daguerreotype from his pocket and showed it to me.

"Why don't you place the matter in the hands of the officers," said I, and let them work it up?"

"Because I prefer to deal with him myself," said Bradley, his eyes flashing with hate. "I should know him fifty years hence, and I have sworn that if I should meet him, God in Heaven help him! for I shall have no mercy."

I knew Dummy would keep his word, and that a meeting between him and his sister's seducer would be terrible in its consequences. A year passed on and Dummy was as silent as ever. The house of the company needed repairs, and they were laid up for some time. Dummy and several of the other members becoming tired of their inactivity, organized this truck company, and soon after its organization I also became a member. Dummy was the first foreman. He had been rash enough before this time, but now his recklessness passed all bounds—he seemed to seek death on every occasion.

One night (I shall never forget it) shortly after our organization, at about eleven o'clock, some eight or ten of us were seated in the room down stairs, when a little boy came in and told us that the —— Hotel, some ten blocks off, was on fire. While the boy was speaking, the bell commenced ringing. The fire was very near us, but still it was not in our district, and there was some dispute among us as to whether we should roll the truck in the absence of our officers. Our debate was cut short by the appearance of Dummy, who gave the order "Let her go!" and away we went, and soon reached the fire. The fire had broken out on the ground floor, and now the flames were coming furiously out of the second story windows, and the heat was so intense as to drive all the pipemen away from the front of the building. The water thrown on the fire seemed to be of no avail, for the flames steadily increased in volume. It was certain that the whole building would go. At a moment when the flames seemed to be hottest and the air was resounding with the hoarse yells of the firemen and the steady clank of the engine, a voice was heard high above the uproar crying out in accents of the greatest terror,

"Bring a ladder! Save me, for God's sake, save me!"

At one of the windows in the fourth story of the building, to which the fire had not yet reached, but to which the flames had cut off all access, was seen a man waiving his arms, to attract attention, and who filled the air with his piercing cries for aid.

"Get off the four story ladder, quick," cried Dummy. In an instant it was off.

"Now, up with it." The ladder was raised to the window, the flame from beneath licking round it, like serpents. The stranger got out of the window and came down the ladder a few feet, and then, as if impelled by fear, sprang back through the window again.

"Damn him for a coward," said Dummy. "I'll bring him out myself," and he commenced ascending the ladder. It seemed certain death for any one to attempt to reach the window from below. The flames gushed from the windows below with renewed fierceness, and *the ladder was on fire*. Still upward went Dummy through the smoke and flame, a pipe from one of the engines playing on him, to lessen his danger, and we below watching his progress, our hearts almost stilled with our anxiety for his fate. Higher and higher he goes. Now he has reached the window. He seizes the stranger by the shoulders, and attempts to draw him forth. Now the flames flare up from beneath, and they are shut out from our view for an instant. Now we see them again. Dummy has the man half way out of the window, and is beating him on the head with his trumpet. We below are paralyzed with horror at the sight. It was terrible, and I alone perhaps of all those present could surmise the cause. Dummy had the man almost entirely drawn from the window, no doubt intending to dash him to the pavement, when myself and another of the boys recovering from our surprise, started up to separate them. We had not ascended far when the ladder, unable to sustain the additional weight, broke, and we were hurled to the ground. We had not far to fall, and so escaped uninjured. As I struck the pavement, I could distinguish, blending itself with the noise of the falling ladder, a dull, sickening sound, as if some soft, heavy body had struck the sidewalk. I rushed forward, and there I found Dummy and the stranger clasped in a close embrace. The stranger was quite dead, but on the instant I recognized the original of the daguerreotype. It was Ellen Bradley's seducer. We raised up Dummy, and carrying him to a drug store near by, with the aid of strong restoratives, we brought him back to life. But it was only for a short time. His injuries were mortal. He was delirious for an hour or two, raving wildly about his sister Ellen and of fires. At one time he fancied he had the head of 97's rope, and he shouted and yelled as if some company was chasing them. "They're right on top of you, 97. Pull, every one of you." At another time he fancied he had the pipe again, and his voice would ring out—

"Light upon that hose, 97! Only a few feet more." Then he would rave furiously about his sister Ellen, and call down Heaven's vengeance on her murderer.

A few moments before he died the delirium left him, and seeing the boys gathered sorrowfully around him, he bade them all good bye, and then turning to me, he asked—

"Is he dead?"

"Yes," I answered.

"Then I have kept my word." A moment after he was dead. Now you have the whole story, Percy, and, as its getting late, I think we had better be going home. I must leave town to-morrow morning, and I want to get all the sleep I can."

Avery and I parted at the door of the truck-house, and I went home to dream all night of Dummy Bradley.

A COURAGEOUS FEMALE.

Females often possess presence of mind and the power of self-control under circumstances of imminent peril which seem almost foreign to their natures, and beyond the endurance of a delicate organization. Here is a striking instance of self-command by a lady whose fears must have been powerfully excited, and whose life of affluence had probably never before given her nerves any severer test than is incident to the vexations of domestic cares. We copy the adventure, premising, by way of explanation, that the lady was the daughter of a rector, residing in a quiet, English country village, and was upon the eve of her marriage. The wedding day was to be on the morrow of that on which our adventure happened. Grand preparations were made for the wedding; and the rector's fine old plate, and the costly gifts of the bride, were discussed with pride and pleasure at the Hare and Hounds, in the presence of some strangers who had come down to a prize fight which had taken place in the neighborhood. That night Adelaide, who had occupied a separate room from her sister, sat up late—long after the household had retired to rest. She was, consequently, still dressed when the church clock tolled midnight. As it ceased, she fancied she heard a low noise like that of a file; she listened, but could distinguish nothing clearly. It might have been made by some of the servants still about, or perhaps it was the creaking of the old trees. She heard nothing but the sighing of the winter winds for many minutes afterwards. House breakers were mere myths in primitive Tyndon, and the bride elect, without a single moment of fear, resumed her occupation. She was gazing on a glittering set of diamonds, destined to be worn at the wedding, when her bed room door softly opened. She turned, looked up, beheld a man with a black mask, holding a pistol in his hand, standing before her. She did not scream, for her first thought was for her father, who slept in the next room, and to whom any sudden alarm might be death, for he was old, feeble, and suffering from heart complaint. She confronted the robber boldly, and addressed him in a whisper:

"You are come," she said, "to rob us. Spare your soul the awful guilt of murder. My father sleeps in the next room, and to be startled from his sleep would kill him. Make no noise, I beg of you."

The fellow was astonished and cowed.

"We won't make any noise," he replied, suddenly, "if you give us everything quietly."

Adelaide drew back and let him take her jewels—not without a pang, for they were precious love-gifts, perceiving, at the same time, that two other masked ruffians stood at the half-opened door. As he took the jewel-case and watch from the table, and demanded her purse, she asked him if he intended to go into her father's room. She received a surly affirmative; he wasn't going to run all risk and leave the tin behind! She proposed instantly that she should go herself, saying,—

"I will bring you whatever you wish, and you may guard me thither, and kill me if I play false to you."

The fellow consulted his comrades, and after a short parley they agreed to the proposal; and, with a loaded pistol pointed at her head, the dauntless girl crossed the passage and entered the old rector's room. Very gently she stole across the chamber, and removing his purse, watch, keys and desk, she gave them up to the robbers, who stood at the door. The old man slept peacefully and calmly, thus guarded by his child, who softly shut the door, and demanded if the robbers were yet satisfied.

The leader replied that they should be when they had got the show of plate spread out below; that they couldn't let her out of sight, and that she must go with them. In compliance with this mandate she followed them down stairs to the dining-room, where a splendid wedding breakfast had been laid to save trouble and hurry on the morrow. To her surprise, the fellows—eight in number when assembled—seated themselves and prepared to make a good meal. They ordered her to get them out wine, and to cut her own wedding cake for them; and then, seated at the head of the table, she was compelled to preside at this extraordinary revel.

They ate, drank, laughed and joked; and Adelaide, quick of ear and eye, had time to study, in her quiet way, the figures and voices of the whole set.

When the repast was ended, and the plate transferred to a sack, they prepared to depart, whispering together and glancing at the young lady. For the first time Adelaide's courage gave way, and she trembled; but it was not a consultation against her, as it proved.

The leader, approaching her, told her that they did not wish to harm her, that she was a jolly wench, regular game, and that they wouldn't hurt her, but that she must swear not to give the alarm till nine or ten the next day, when they should be off all safe. To this, of course, she was obliged to assent, and they all insisted on shaking hands with her. She noticed, during this parting ceremony, that one of the ruffians had only three fingers on the left hand.

Alone, in the despoiled room, Adelaide, faint and exhausted, awaited the first gleam of daylight; then, as the robbers did not return, she stole to her room, undressed, and fell into a disturbed slumber.

The consternation of the family next morning may be imagined. And Adelaide's story was still more astounding than the fact of the robbery itself. Police were sent for from London, and they, guided by Adelaide's lucid description of her midnight guests, actually succeeded in capturing every one of the gang, whom the young lady had no difficulty in identifying and swearing to—the "three-fingered Jack" being the guiding clue to the discovery. The stolen property was nearly all recovered, and the old rector always declared—and with truth—that he owed his life to the self-possession and gudgment of his only daughter.

The only ill effect of the great trial to her nerves was a disposition on the part of our young hercine to listen for midnight sounds, and start uneasily from troubled dreams; but time and change of residence soon effected a cure.

SPORTS ABROAD.

The Ring.

THE GREAT PRIZE BATTLE.

COBURN VS. MACE.

Events in regard to this truly great pugilistic "embroglio" had not been numerous or important up to the time of publication of our foreign exchanges of August 13, judging from the brevity of the paragraphs treating upon it. In fact, the CLIPPER of last week gave all the information, and "more too," that they contain; still, as every word is pregnant with interest on this side of the Atlantic, we here give place to said paragraphs for the benefit of our readers:—

"This match, as might be naturally supposed from the present management, goes on satisfactorily. Jem visited Brighton Races during the week, and had an altercation with Tom King, whom he asserts promised to stand £200 with him in the present match. It was quite a needless little quarrel for the bookmakers to witness, and they would have gloried in seeing it turn up between the two. Jem and Tom Sayers have at last become close friends, and intend to take a series of sparring benefits throughout the country. The first place they intend to visit will be Manchester."—*Ill. Sport. News.*

"These men are to make a further deposit of £30 a side on Wednesday, August 17, at Mr. Ward's, Prince of Wales, Copley street, Stepney Green. We hear that Joe Coburn has already betaken himself to the Emerald Isle to commence his training. Mace goes into work after his benefit next week. Young Dunn, who came over from America to assist Coburn during his training, has been called back to the States, where he has been matched to fight one Fitzgerald."—*Bell's Life.*

Bell anticipates a little, for Dunn had not been matched when he left England for his native land.—ED. CLIP.

A WELL-FOUGHT BATTLE.

The fight between Richard Owens, alias the Bristol Youth, and Yean Evans, both natives of the Principality, was announced to come off on Tuesday, Aug. 9. On Monday evening the lads, accompanied by their friends, met at the house of J. Evans, Peter street, Liverpool, to toss for choice of ground, which was won by Evans, who very unwisely selected Neston, on the Cheshire side of the Mersey, and the griffin was given to meet at the Birkenhead Station, Monk's Ferry, at 9:30, A. M. Dick Owens is a very civil, unassuming young fellow, about 19 years of age, 5ft. 8in. in altitude, and weighing about 8st 7lb, and for his age, is endowed with extraordinary muscular development, and a firmly-knitted frame. Evans stood fully an inch and a half above his opponent, is about 20 years of age, and as near as possible the same weight as the Bristolian. Owens was backed from the house of Johnny Evans, whilst Evans hailed from Harry Darrie's. In accordance with the terms agreed to on Monday evening, there was a fair muster at the trysting place. Several genuine, true sportsmen, who at all times encourage aspirants to fistic notoriety, were absentees. On arriving at Hooton Station, about 10:30, A. M., it was found that the commissary (Bill Bevin) had very wisely refrained from bringing his indispensable ropes and stakes. Simon Finighty, on behalf of Evans, however, forwarded a telegram to the Cheshire commissary to supply the necessary appliances for forming the "magic circle;" and belligerents and their friends proceeded in Indian file in the direction of Little Neston. On the hotel being reached, many of the excursionists availed themselves of the opportunity of refreshing the inner man—whilst the combatants were put to bed till the arrival of the ropes and stakes. Shortly after arrival, however, it became painfully apparent that the neighborhood was studded with "blues," not less than 20 of the Cheshire constabulary being stationed within the village. The lads were at once packed off—but not before their carpet bags had been searched; and the company beat a discreet but very hasty retreat, mainly attributable to their knowledge of the determination of the Cheshire "beaks" to put a stop to all fights likely to come off within the county. Johnny Evans, on the part of Dick Owens, asserted that he would not agree to a referee, unless they agreed to bring the fight off at Fidler's Ferry; Yean saying that rather than the match should result in a draw, or that there should be any wrangling, he would allow them to name their own spot and select their own referee. There being no earthly chance of bringing the mill off on the Cheshire side, they returned to Liverpool about five o'clock. A meeting of the backers of the men resulted in their agreeing to meet at 7 A. M., at Lime-street Station, where a goodly number booked for Fidler's Ferry. On the party being rowed "over the ferry," it was found that the commissary (Bill Bevin) and his assistants had pitched the ring on the same sward as that on which Bob Smith defeated Tom Allen, and where Buckley suffered defeat at the hands of Johnny Walker, who we were sorry to hear had on this occasion been a sluggard. Some time was lost in selecting a referee. Ultimately a gentleman from Warrington was induced to fill that most unthankful office. This stumbling block having been removed, the lads entered the "roped arena" amidst deafening cheers, Owens being esquired by Jopper Brown (who never seconds a loser) and his trainer, Bill Bevin, to whom great praise is due for the form in which he brought his charge to the post. Evans was attended by his master, Simon Finighty, an old opponent of Charley Lynch's, who, as usual, brought his man to the mark in first-class fettle, Simon being assisted by Jack Parton, of Manchester. Everything being in readiness, they crossed hands, and at half-past nine they stood up for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Considerable disparity was manifested when the lads stripped, Evans having a decided advantage both in height and reach, and has the appearance of being somewhat loosely packed, whilst his opponent presented a firmly knit frame, with muscles standing out in bold relief. On facing each other, some seconds were lost in close scrutiny—Owens wearing a pleasant but determined smile on his phiz, and appeared very confident. Evans also smiled confidently. Immediately on the lads putting their hands up, the betting fluctuated from 6 to 4 on Owens to 3 to 1 offered on him, with no takers. Owens' style was by far more artistic than his opponent, he handling his mawleys like a thorough general. Some little sparring took place for an opening. Owens tried his left, but was short. On again getting together they each led in turn, with but little effect. A few slight exchanges took place, when they closed, and both down side by side.

2. No sooner did they face each other than Owens delivered the left with such stinging severity on the jaw as to completely floor his opponent, who appeared completely mesmerized.

3. Evans rather slow to time. Owens, on getting within distance, again reached the jaw with the left—a hot 'un. In the close he got well on the phiz, and threw his man cleverly.

4. Some very severe exchanges took place in this round, give and take being the order of the day, neither flinching, the tables being turned somewhat in favor of Evans, who forced Owens down.

5. Owens came up most resolutely, and delivered such a warm 'un on the ivories as to completely open the lip; this advantage he followed up

was more than justifiable, but yet bad, under the circumstances, to be incurred. A fixture was made on the following morning at the same railway station, and all parties resorted home. Subsequently, however, the men agreed to a draw, and all the bets are drawn.

THE 1000 MILES IN 1000 HOURS FEAT UNDERTAKEN BY A FEMALE.—A slight and delicate woman, by name Mrs. Douglass, is supposed to be undergoing the task of doing the great Barclay feat of walking 1000 miles in 1000 consecutive hours. In contrasting this female with the celebrated athlete, Capt. Barclay, the London *Era* who "has been there," thus enthusiastically dis-courseth: "What, then, must be the natural surprise of the public to find this really wonderful exhibition of persevering endurance, looked upon by, to all appearance, a slight and delicate woman almost as a matter of pastime, and to find such an unexpected rival to the celebrated Captain entering the lists against the fame of that long celebrated hero in the person of Mrs. Douglas, now hourly, daily, and nightly appearing at the Alhambra, (Leicester Square, London) and with a gay and smiling face and the light, elastic step of a wild fawn, going merrily over the apparently endless course with as much ease and *sang froid* as the gallant Captain alluded to would have walked down the sunny side of Pall-Mall. We have 'assisted' on several occasions at this remarkable exhibition of elegant activity, for it is really so pleasant to see the admirable manner in which the lady walks that we have ceased to think of what at first rather oppressed us—the extreme fatigue attending the performance of the great undertaking, and we candidly confess, barring some very unforeseen accidents, we now entertain no doubt that the gallant and plucky little lady will bring her task to an issue as successful as that which, amid the applause of thousands, attended her when she completed the same Herculean feat in Australia. At a quarter past eleven last evening (Friday, July 29,) she had completed her eighty-eighth mile.

EXTENDING ITS EMPIRE.—Cricket, as a game, is more universally played than any other, and there are clubs in almost every part of the inhabited globe. On the European continent it is making quite a spread, and a grand international cricket match was to have been played at Homburg on the 10th and 11th inst., between representatives of the game from France and in Germany. It is exciting great interest in the cricketing world, and is expected to attract a large number of spectators. We notice with pleasure the steady progress of cricket abroad. At the present time most of the large continental towns have a club for the promotion of the game; amongst the most celebrated in Germany are those of Hombourg and Frankfort.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH
OF
S. D. KEHOE,
Indian Club Man.

MR. KEHOE, the celebrated manufacturer of Indian Clubs and Dumb Bells, was born in Tentrom, Co. Wexford, Ireland, and is now in his 26th year. When scarcely three years of age, he was brought to the United States, as others have been before him, and arose step by step until he has become quite a noted character. His first appearance in public, as our dramatic sketch writers would say, was in the Telegraph Office at Rochester, and he prides himself on being the person who delivered the first telegraphic dispatch sent over the wires to the Flour City. We next find him in the old *Daily American* office of that city, owned by L. W. and Lawrence Jerome, now the wealthy bankers in Wall street, New York. In this office he was employed six years, in various capacities, such as folding papers, carrying mail bags, and was what is generally known as a "printer's devil." Being of a changeable disposition, he got tired of the newspaper business, and worked on the New York Central Railroad at bell-ringing and in the Company's shop, staying some three years, when he had learned enough to be placed with confidence in a more responsible position, getting a situation to look after a stationary engine at Chicago. Tarrying there a spell, he returned to his favorite city, Rochester, to see his friends and enjoy a resting spell. It was while there the last time that he improved his leisure moments by planning a campaign to travel through the different States, soliciting and filling orders in the iron dumb-bell trade, making Chicago his first stopping place in 1857, at which city he did a thriving business for seven months, when he journeyed on to St. Louis on the same mission, that of converting the people to the advantages of muscular development and longevity of life, staying four or five months and succeeding well. From thence he went to New Orleans, making the acquaintance of John C. Heenan, Aaron Jones, Ned Price, and others, who were on a sparring tour, which gave a sort of impetus to the sale of his wares. Not wishing to run the thing into the ground, he went back to St. Louis, and so on to Cincinnati, picking up orders right lively in the Queen City. During this time Mr. Kehoe sold upwards of 200 tons of iron dumb-bells. His first trip to New York on business was about five years ago, when he commenced selling his iron dumb-bells, dividing his time between this city and Philadelphia. Soon after the breaking out of the war, Mr. Kehoe, in company with Thos. C. Burns, a prominent politician and sporting man, made a visit to Europe in the steamship Adriatic on her last trip, June 26th, 1861, returning in September of the same year. During his stay abroad he visited all the principal cities of England and Ireland, including the spot where he was born. How many hundred pounds worth of his dumb-bells he disposed of we do not know, but the first order he filled was for J. Q. Adams, the American Minister to the Court of St. James. On the occasion of seeing Prof. Harrison use the mammoth war clubs, he thought to himself there was something in it, and getting his ideas together, he devised a club said to be superior to those of the Professor's, both in an ornamental and useful point of view, but deferred putting his ideas into practice until he returned home. The Prof. Harrison above alluded to was then considered the strongest man in England, and the Queen was so pleased with his extraordinary skill in the use of these clubs that she presented him with an elegant vase.

The present is Mr. Kehoe's second year in the Indian club business, and his success has been very encouraging. What with his own persuasive arguments and a liberal outlay in advertising, he has built up a business which is hardly yet matured, but in the course of a few years it may have its agency in every city and town in the country. Ever alive to the importance of having made known the benefical effects of his wares, Mr. Kehoe lets no chance slip by of keeping up with the times. If there is to be any great championship match, whether among oarsmen, pugilists, billiardists, turfmen, firemen, or what not, he sees to it that they are all well supplied in the club line, and when any athletic victory is gained, he insists that it was all owing to using his clubs. So industrious and enthusiastic an individual deserves success. Fire companies, societies, club rooms, and other social resorts, all appear to think their rooms incomplete without a sett of Kehoe's clubs. The manufacturer has given away enough to stock a warehouse, shipped the very best specimens, highly painted and of the best material, to all parts of the world, determined to leave no effort untried whereby his articles shall become as popular in one place as another. In this city we have no need to describe them, as they have long since become an institution in our gymnasia and sporting entertainments. A single glance at his order book will exhibit many of our most distinguished generals, lawyers, actors, divines, Ethiopian comedians, etc., whom he has supplied with his anti-consumptive, anti-bilious, anti-dyspeptic, and anti to all the ills which flesh is heir to, promoters of physical strength and symmetrical form. His method of doing business is entirely original—armed with the insignia of his order, a 12lb club, swung over his shoulder, every day in the week except Sunday he may be seen alternating between the gold market and the Central Park, taking orders: he allows no obstacle whatever to interfere with his energetic temperament, but is all business from the word go: and if, after half an hour's conversation he doesn't persuade his newly made acquaintances to purchase a sett of clubs or dumb-bells, he considers it "love's labor lost." In this city he is quite a celebrity, and no man is fonder of notoriety than this same Kehoe. Entirely original in language and character, his company is always indicative of fun and merriment, and his "gift of the gab" may be one means of making his fortune. An ardent admirer of all kinds of sports and pastimes, he may be seen at all the great sporting events within a couple of hundred miles around.

GREAT QUOIT MATCH.
New York vs. New Jersey.

On Tuesday, the 23d ult., the great match for one hundred dollars a side, between James Gibson of this city, and James McClaren of Newark, N. J., came off on the quoit ground attached to the Caledonian House in the last named city. The conditions of the match were to play against 61 points, 18 yards distance, and soft clay ends. Both parties have long been known as first class players, and the Champions of their respective cities, but they have never been matched before, although they have often played together in friendly games. Indeed, the New Yorker had gained such a reputation for extraordinary skill and fine judgment in pitching, that the Newark Champion was reluctant to measure strength with him in a match for money until quite recently, when his success in defeating the crack player of Philadelphia inspired both himself and friends with sufficient confidence to issue a challenge to New York's representative player. This was promptly accepted by Mr. Gibson, two matches for one hundred dollars a side, on the terms above mentioned, being arranged; the first to come off at Newark and the return game at New York.

Taking the train at Jersey City, we found a large number of well-known sports *en route* to witness the match, among them being the veteran quoiters, Sammy Southard, George Dunning, John Kingsland of the Broome Street Quoit Shades, Messrs. Sharp, Hudson, Light, Mackenzie and other well-known cricketers; Mike Smith, Lyons and William Taylor, of Jersey City, and numerous others. On arriving at Newark, a move was made to the Caledonian, of which hostelrie McClaren is the proprietor, Here a goodly number of the quoiting fraternity were assembled, and some attempts at betting was made, the Newark Champion being decidedly the favorite. The partisans of the New Yorker held back for odds, and so eager was the desire to bet on McClaren, that at last the odds became ten to six upon his winning, at which price some considerable business was done. At three o'clock P. M. the game commenced, Messrs. Lyons and Kellogg being chosen as the umpires for Newark and New York, and Mr. George Dunning referee. Gibson commenced scoring first, but McClaren quickly passed him, and at the 15th innings was 3 points ahead, the score standing McClaren 11, Gibson 8. At the 20th innings they had scored 13 points each, and from this stage of the game Gibson took a decided lead, the score at one time standing Gibson 30, McClaren 24. The latter now began to play splendidly, and pulled up the game until on the 73d innings he was only 2 points behind, standing 39 to Gibson 41. The New Yorker settled down to his work in fine style, and scoring at almost every shot, completed the required 61 points on his 94th innings, beating his opponent by 14 points. We append the score:

Gibson....1002030010010101201121212001000112
2101201010112110110000001000000101
1111029111110001211100I—total 61

McClaren..0110101201101010010000011011100
0010010100000200011121011111111010
0001000000121000001I—total 47.

The return match takes place at Kingsland's Quoit Shades, in Broome Street near Broadway, on Tuesday, the 30th August, at 3 o'clock P. M.

POOZING IT.—Foote was near catching it from an irascible General whom he had caricatured on the stage. They met in a coffee-room, and the victim said:—

"Mr. Foote, I hear you are wonderfully clever in taking off people."

"I have been told so," said Sam, "but what is more wonderful, I often take myself off."

"Pray, let us have a specimen," said the General.

Foote put on his hat and gloves, took his cane, made a bow, and bolted.

THE GAME OF CHESS.

To Correspondents.

JAS. C. WARREN, Philadelphia.—We have written you briefly by mail. Try Herr Holderback, of the Paulsen C. C., 139 Bowery, to take the office you wish.

P. RICHARDSON.—Thank you for the contributions; one in this issue. "Haste makes waste," as is proven by your other game, which proves that you have lost none of your old ability at carelessness. The game is all right and interesting to the twenty-second move, after which it is a complete jumble of impossible moves. Selah.

Enigma No. 444.

From Bell's Life in London.

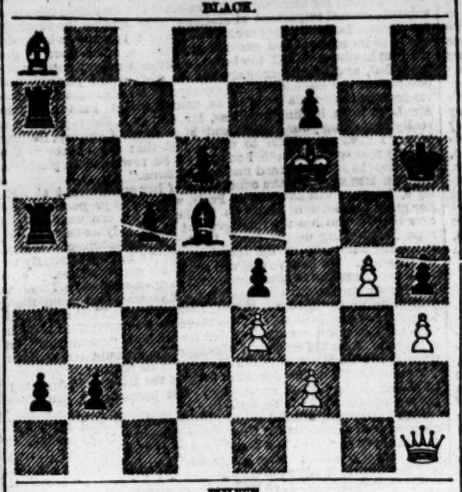
BY DR. REVEL.

White to play and give mate in five moves.

Problem No. 444.

BY JOHN GARDNER.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play and give mate in six moves.

Game No. 444.

Purtie recently played "blindfolded," by our contributor, P. Richardson.

BISHOP'S GAMBIT.

Attack, Richardson.	Defence, Amateur.	Attack, Richardson.	Defence, Amateur.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	15..K B × B P	K B × P +
2..P-K B 4	K P × P	17..Q B × R	Q Kt × B
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	18..B × B P	K B-Kt 3
4..P-Q 4	B-Q Kt 5 +	19..R-K B sq +	K-his B 2
5..P-Q B 3	K B-B 4	20..Kt-K B 5 +	K-his B sq
6..Q B × P	K Kt-B 3	21..Kt-K 7	K-Kt 2
7..K Kt-B 3	Castles	22..Q Kt-Q 2	Q Kt-Q 6 +
8..P-K 5	K Kt-R 4	23..K-his 2	Kt × Kt P
9..Q B-Kt 5	Q-K sq	24..R-K B 7 +	K-his R 3
10..K Kt-B 4	P-K Kt 3	25..Q B-B sq	K × K B
11..Kt-K B 5	Q Kt-B 3	26..R × R P +	K-Kt 4
12..Q × K Kt	Kt P × Q	27..R-K B 5 +	K-Kt 5
13..Q B-B 6	Q × K P +	28..R-Kt 7 +	K-his B 5
14..Q P × Q	K B-K sq	29..Q Kt gives checkmate.	
15..K Kt-B 6 +	K-his B sq		

Nice little game between Mr. G. Reichheim and our contributor, Jacob Elson, at Philadelphia.—*Evening Bulletin.*

Q. B. P'S GAME IN KT'S OPENING.

Mr. Elson.	Mr. Reichheim.	Mr. Elson.	Mr. Reichheim.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	12..Q B to K 3	P to K B 4
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	13..P-K B 4 (e)	P-K Kt 4
3..P-Q B 3 (a)	K Kt-B 3 (b)	14..Q-her B sq	K-B sq (f)
4..P-Q 4	Kt × K P	15..Q Kt-Q 2	Kt P × P
5..Q P × P	P-Q 4 (c)	16..Kt-K B 3	Q-K Kt 5
6..K B-Kt 5	K B-B 4	17..B × B 3d P	K-K Kt sq
7..Castles	Castles	18..B-K Kt 3	K Kt × B
8..K B × Kt	Kt P × B	19..B P × Kt	Q × Kt 3d P
9..K Kt-Q 4	K B × Kt	20..Kt-K B 4	Q × Q Kt
10..B P × B	Q B-B 3 (d)	21..Q × B 2d P, and Defence announced mate in four moves.	
11..K B-K sq	Q-K B 5		

(a) This move has grown into considerable favor of late, and is thought to be rather embarrassing to the Defence.
(b) We decidedly prefer this defence to any other.
(c) K B to B 4th may be played with advantage at this point.
(d) If 10..P to Q B 4th, P to K B 3d is the reply.
(e) If 13..P to K Kt 3d, he loses the *partie, e. g.:*—

13..P to K Kt 3	Q to K B 6	15..B P × Kt	Q × Kt P +
14..P-K B 3	Kt × Kt P	16..K-his R sq	P-K B 5, and the Defence wins.

(f) An important preparatory move.

CHEQUERS.

To Draught Players.

THE ELEMENTS OF DRAUGHTS; OR, BEGINNERS SURE GUIDE. By the Draught Editor of the CLIPPER. This book has been pronounced by the Editor of Bell's Life to be "THE BEST ELEMENTARY TREATISE EVER WRITTEN ON THE GAME." Printed on fine paper, gilt binding, illustrated with diagrams, and enriched by numerous games from the best masters. Anderson's system of recording, together with Patterson's system complete. Advanced players will find this treatise well worthy their notice. Sent, post paid, to any address in the United States, for 50 cents. Address I. D. J. SWEET, CLIPPER OFFICE, 18-tf No. 23 Spruce street, New York.

To Correspondents.

G. W. FOSTER, Warren, Pa.—The idea that the challenged party must first put up their money is decidedly cool, in fact, refreshing. You challenged for $10, "Express accepted, and, on your being notified of that fact, it was your business to send on the amount you challenged for. We have seen "Express," who says he does not back down, but, to the contrary, wishes you to send on the money, and the solution of the position, and your money will be covered *instanter*. It is, no doubt, a hard position, as many of our correspondents differ in opinion as to the solution. We would be happy to receive your games at any time.

A. KERR, Glasgow, Scotland.—Package duly received; we are deeply indebted to you for the contents. Is there still a draught-column in the *Weekly News*?

L. H. MARSH, Boston, Mass.—No further cause for complaint. "Let 'em come."

J. A. CON, Brooklyn.—Thanks for game. We believe Anderson's to be the *best for advanced players*. Price $1.50.

JAS. A. MCGRIDDIN, Buffalo, N. Y.—We shall be happy to hear from you again.

METROPOLITAN DRAUGHT CLUB.—Some of the draught-players of this city and vicinity met at the reading-room of the Mercantile Hotel, 168 Duane st., on Wednesday, the 24th inst., pursuant to the call in the last CLIPPER, for the purpose of forming a DRAUGHT CLUB, and for the advancement of the science of our favorite game. We were agreeably surprised to find so many present, ready and willing to help in forming the club. The meeting was called to order by Mr. Hickox, by nominating Mr. W. H. Burr, of Williamsburg, chairman. A committee of three was appointed by the President, to draught constitution and by-laws, and, on their being adopted by the members present, Mr. Burr was elected President, and A. J. Dunlap Secretary of the Club. After minor matters were talked over, and some games played, the meeting adjourned to Wednesday, 6 P. M., Aug. 31st, when an opportunity will be given for all who will enroll themselves as members of the METROPOLITAN DRAUGHT CLUB of New York and Brooklyn.

Solution of Position No. 19, Vol. XII.

BY C. M. B.

Black.	White.	Black.	White.
1..21 to 25	11 to 4	4..18 to 23	5 to 14
2..30 24	27 30	5..23 26	31 27
3..16 10	14 7	6..26 11, and wins.	

Solution of Critical Position.

BY S. DRUMMOND.

White.	Black.	White.	Black.
1..21 to 17	14 to 21	5..16 to 12	10 to 15
2..26 22	31 17	6..12 8	15 11
3..23 19	17 14	7..8 4	
4..19 16	14 10	Drawn.	

Game No. 22—Vol. XII.

TWENTY-THIRD GAME of the Championship Match of Great Britain.

Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.	Wylie, Black.	Martins, White.
1..11 to 15	21 to 17	11..19 to 26	31 to 15
2..9 13	26 31	12..7 10	15 8
3..8 11(a)	17 14	13..1 27	24 19
4..16 27	31 14	14..17 24	26 22
5..6 19	29 25	15..21 26	16 15
6..10 17	25 21	16..26 30	22 17
7..4 8	21 14	17..30 26	23 18
8..15 18	26 15	18..30 26	27 14
9..11 15	30 25(b)	19..23 19	25 19
10..18 17	26 22	20..8 11	27 24

White won.

(a) The variation. Payne plays 6 to 9 for a drawn game.
(b) The move that lost the game.

Match Games.

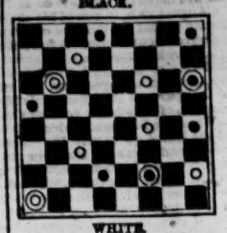
BETWEEN J. MCINTOSH AND J. MCGREGOR.

Black—J. McI.	White—J. McG.
1..11 to 15	22 to 17
2..15 22	25 18
3..8 11	

SECOND GAME.

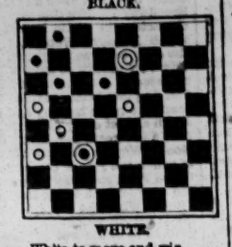
Black—J. McG.	White—J. McI.
1..11 to 15	25 to 19

Position No. 20, Vol. XII.
BY L. H. MARSH.
BLACK.



WHITE.
Black to move and win.

Critical Position.
BY J. DRUMMOND.
BLACK.



WHITE.
White to move and win.

OUR GAME BAG.

JOKE.—Why have chickens no hereafter? Because they have their next world (necks whirled) in this.

A GOOD 'UN.—What is the difference between Laird and his rebel rams? They lie in the Mersey, but he lies without mercy

EQUAL TO ANY EMERGENCY.—An exchange says that a New York and Massachusetts regiment were encamped together on the Rapidan, and that a wholesome rivalry existed between them. A revival suddenly broke out in the Massachusetts regiment, and twelve were baptized. The New York colonel looked savage when he heard of it, and roared out—"Adjutant, have seventeen men detailed for baptism. I'll be hanged if that Massachusetts regiment shall beat us."

NEW VERSION OF HAIL COLUMBIA.—A national hymn, said to have been written by a national her, commences as follows:—

O, Hail Columbia! take my bunnit!
I reckon now you've been and dun it!
Bring out your guns, all you that has 'em,
And blaze away with enthusiasm;
The trumpet beat, the base drum blow,
The rebels' time's come for to go.

WHY do hens always lay in the daytime? Because at night they become roosters.

WHY couldn't Cain go to sleep? Because he wasn't Abel.

ARISTOCRACY WELL ANSWERED.—A lady of somewhat dignified demeanor having lost her way, said to an urchin in the street, "Boy, I want to go to Bond street." "Wall marm," replied the boy, coolly walking on, "why don't you go there then?"

JUST SO.—Sidney Smith defined English benevolence to be a "strong impulse on the part of A, when he sees B in distress, to compel C to help him."

SHAKING THE SAWDUST OUT OF HER.—A bright little girl, in playful anger, caught hold of an older sister saying, "Now's I'll shake the sawdust out of you," thinking the human species was got up on the same plan with her dolls.

WAR VS. PEACE.—An American dramatist, observing to a friend the thinness of the house at one of the plays, added he supposed it was owing to the war. "No," replied the wag, "I should judge it was owing to the piece."

GOOD WAY OF TAKING A DEFEAT.—The statement that Johnston has got Sherman where he wants him, reminds us of John Phoenix's description of the great editorial fight, as follows:—"There was a blow. Somebody fell. We got up. Turning upon our antagonist, we then succeeded in winding his arms around our waist, and by a quick manœuvre threw him on top of us, bringing our back at the same time, in contact with the bed of the printing press. Then inserting our nose between his teeth, and his hands in our hair, we had him!"

VERY CONSOLING.—A disconsolate lover, who was discarded, consoles himself with the reflection that his loved one is married to a lawyer, has two children and the fever.

NURSERY RHYMES.—The look of the gun that shot Gen. A. S. Johnston, at Shiloh, is at the Philadelphia Sanitary Fair, bearing the following inscription:—

"This is the lock
That cracked the cap
That fired the gun
That carried the ball
That caused the fall
Of General Johnston."

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City Summary.

MONDAY, Aug. 29, '64.

WE ARE all excitement, and bustle, and hubbub. What with the return of our own people from the summer resorts, the excitement regarding the draft, the Chicago Convention, Presidential election, rumors of Peace, etc., we are worked up almost to the point of frenzy. Concerning the draft, which is set down for Monday next, Sept. 5th, there is a great deal of anxiety and many fearful forebodings. It is thought—and we are endeavoring to impress the fact upon the understanding of our stubborn and self-willed President—that if Mr. Lincoln will postpone the draft for one or two years, we can make up our quota without the necessity for a single man being drafted. We have done it before, and we can do it again; there is nothing so calculated to give an impetus to volunteering and substituting as periodical postponements of a threatened draft; it infuses new life into brokers bounty jumpers, and professional substitutes, and gives everybody a fresh lease of existence. For this, among other reasons, we do not anticipate a draft on the 5th. Besides, what has the President to gain by such a proceeding on the point of an important election? Why, every drafted man would be one ballot the more against Abraham, be that man Republican, Democrat, Peaceman, or Hard Shell Baptist. A fellow feeling makes us wondrous unkind sometimes, and if the representative man of the rail-splitters would retain our good opinion and support, he will postpone the draft as we have indicated. Then there's the Chicago Convention—that is *another* source of worriment and vexation; it is publicly given out that the Peace element in that congregation will cause the Chicago Amphitheatre to flow with blood if their demands and principles are rejected, such is the tenacity with which they hold on to the Peace platform. Some unscrupulous reader may say that this blood-letting would be inconsistent with their Peace principles, eh. May be so, but that is the business of the Peace party, who are able to reconcile all discrepancies in their own peculiar manner. Then again, we are on the eve of one of the most important elections ever held since our forefathers "made and preserved us a nation." We are unsettled whether to let the present incumbent run the machine another heat, which has certainly been a warm term to him, or permit him to retire on his laurels and be the illustrious predecessor of some other robust and vigorous prosecutor of the war. If Abe would give us Peace, Petersburg or Richmond, bring down the price of white paper, keep the compositors from striking any more, and postpone the draft, we incline to the opinion that his constituents would be perfectly content to let him hold the ribbons for another four-mile heat; if he cannot give us any such guarantee, we will have to choose some one else to hold the horses, and clean out the Augean stable. Little Mac *[tumultuous applause]* Little Mac, we repeat *[continued cheers]*, if Little Mac were trotted out on the Presidential Course, without extra weight in the shape of Copperhead "influence," he would certainly put little Abe to his paces, and hurry him, like the mischief. Our dim kindly reminds us that we are supposed to be writing about amusements, instead of politics; which it seems we had forgotten. ..... Well, in-door amusements continue lively, and without material alteration, as the commercial reporters so beautifully express it when speaking of the price of whiskey. Several of our theatres are already under way for the fall and winter campaign, and in a week or two more (after draft day, perhaps), we may see the balance of them taking their place in the line, and going into the action with the nerve of veterans. A few of our managers are a bit timid about the conscription; they *hope* things may pass off peaceably, but their fears predominate, so they think it much better to keep shut until the cruel draft is over, rather than open now and be compelled to shut up again in case of a repetition of the scenes of July, 1863..... There is no truth in the report that Lester Wallack intends to take Dan Bryant's place on the end with Bryants' Minstrels, to give tone to the minstrel stage, as Mr. Bryant has gone for the legitimate boards. We are authorized to give the statement an unqualified denial; therefore we pronounce it an unmitigated fabrication..... Neither is it true that Mr. Bateman is in this city, and therefore could *not* be the party referred to in the London papers as being mixed up in the case of the gentle box book keeper of the London Adelphi. On the contrary, we are assured that Mr. Bateman is not here, has not been here for several months, and is the identical parent whose name has been so ruthlessly made use of in connection with that of Miss Turner. We think the London papers have made entirely too much of a very trivial circumstance—a thing that has happened, and may happen here or anywhere else, every day in the week. Miss Turner is fatherless—Mr. B. sought to supply the vacant place as adviser to the young lady; he essayed to protect her from the gaze of the vulgar crowd by taking her to her house in a cab at the close of the performances at the theatre—what harm was there in that? Who is there among us who would not do the same thing in the case of a fatherless, pretty young girl? We can easily see why the mother of the girl made the assault upon the lady's adviser as he was about joining his charge in the cab; we can well understand her motive for attempting to drag her child from his protecting influence. The mother, doubtless, from his visits to her house as a "friend of the family," had the folly to imagine that she was the object of his parental attention, and was congratulating herself upon the conquest she had made of the worthy "Papa," when suddenly the truth and the cab burst upon her at the same time. Instead of thanking the kind old gentleman for the purity of his motives in taking her female offspring home in a cab, she is reported to have assailed him with a volley of abuse, and to have actually intimated that he sought the ruin of her child. She behaved in an otherwise unchristian-like manner, and positively took her child out of the cab, and escorted Georgiana home herself. We don't wonder that "papa" called her a "d—d woman" after all he had done for her child, after his visits to her family, his partaking of their homely meals, his play with the children, his genial one offer to escort the daughter in her midnight walk to her humble cot, and all that sort of thing; to be assailed by a jealous mother, and impure motives attributed to him, was but adding insult to injury, and crushing with a weight of anguish the old heart of a tender, a feeling father. The worthy manager was so incensed against the mother, that he bound over the victim of her malice to appear at court, so that *she* may be shown up in her true light. As we said before, the London papers have made entirely too much of this silly affair; and we repeat that it is *well* true that Mr. Bateman is in this country..... Behind the scenes! You have never been there, perhaps, enrolled friend; have never seen the rear view of that beautiful scenic picture which excites our admiration and applause in front; have never pried into the mysteries and machines that are shut in behind the green baize, or hurled fathoms below the level of the boards. George Saunders or somebody else says—"where ignorance is bliss, 'tweres folly to be wise." Beloved patron, continue ignorant, for once you set eyes upon the chaotic mass that makes up the splendors of our theatric stage, that moment deprives you of all future dramatic enjoyment. Nor do we know much about the power behind the scenes, of the men and boys who set this mimic world in motion; make suns, and moons, and stars, and set them in canvas skies to enlighten a "large and appreciative audience." With few of these things are we acquainted, and it is well for us that it is so. The stage is a delusion and a deception; in front, to the eye of the uninitiated, all is brilliant and beautiful and golden-hued. Behind—bah! the picture is disgusting. If we could look beneath the surface of some of those elaborately-gotten-up individuals that now throng Broadway, Fifth avenue, and other great thoroughfares, we could easily detect the real from the sham, and behold as disgusting sights as those a visit behind the scenes in a theatre reveals to our astonished gaze; or, could we gain access to some of those palatial residences with which this city abounds, and which, outwardly, give evidence of perfect happiness and enjoyment to the dwellers within, what sad and sickening sights the reality would exhibit! Truly, "all the world's a stage," and many of the scenes and people but frauds and fictions. Here is a poem, the subject being

"BEHIND THE SCENES."

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER

BY THE "CALL BOY."

Little they know who sit and gaze
With eager eyes upon the blaze
Of glaring light and gaudy hue
With which the Drama courts their view;
Who see now lamplit suns arise,
Now clouds bedeck the canvas skies;
Now the tall ship whose outspread sails
Are swelled by artificial gales;
Now the cool grot, or woodland shade,
As if in taunting mockery made
Of that o'ercrowded human mass
Who hail the wonders as they pass—
Little they know how dark and drear
Viewed from behind those scenes appear,
Where naught but dust and cobwebs hide
The vile reverse of all that pride:
—Little they know who raise the shout
That greets the player, strutting out
To act this part with mimic skill
Obedient to another's will,
And weep or laugh, love or rejoice
According to the prompter's voice:
Little that gaping crowd can tell
What real joys a bosom swell;
Or what unfeigned distress and pain
May wring his heart, and fire his brain!

* * * *

And have not bards in every age
Told us this life is but a stage;
And each man, at his best estate,
An actor in the scene of fate?
Who wears a smile, who drops a tear
Obedient to the heart sincere?
Where is the man who does not throw
A mantle o'er his weal and woe,
And deck him with a borrowed plume
Ere he step forth to rave and fume,
And tread the boards of Life's wide stage,
The amused out of a passing age?
And when, despite the busy play,
We steal at intervals away
And hide us in lone solitudes
Where no unwelcome eye intrudes:
Is it not there and there alone
We truly smile, and truly groan?
And when Death lets the curtain fall
On play, and players, scenes and all,
Do we not then first lay aside
The counterfeiting garb of pride,
And stand before our Maker's eye
In beauty or deformity?
Yes, 'tis an universal truth,
In hoary age, in sprightly youth;
Deep sunk in vice; by virtue raised;
Courted or shunned; rallied or praised;
Though scanned by many a curious eye,
Unknown we live—unknown we die.

MRS. FLEMINGE, well known to the habitues of the New Bowery, where she has been performing since that establishment was first opened, has left the city and gone to Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, where she will perform the approaching season. Her daughter, a promising young lady, accompanies her, performing boys' parts, etc., at the same establishment.

MR. W. G. ANDREWS, a gentleman formerly connected with the stage, but who for the past three years has been fighting the battles of his country, returned to the city last week from the battlefield. His fighting days are over, and he is determined to don the sock and buskin once more. When last on the stage in this city, he was engaged at Niblo's as low comedian, and played there during Forrest's engagement, about three years ago, and is said to be a very clever eccentric comedian. He has been engaged for the season by Laura Keene, for her travelling company, and will make his reappearance on the boards in Buffalo this week.

MISS. EMMA WALLER, the popular tragedienne, is laying off at Glenn Cove, L. I., studying two new pieces for the coming season. She will start out on her travelling tour about the first of October, accompanied by Mr. Cowell, her agent.

CAMILLE GAUTIER was a young girl of eighteen summers, perhaps; she was a wild and wayward creature, whose beauty and wit had already destroyed the happiness of many an ardent admirer. But Camille was a courtesan, an aristocratic cyprian, around whom fluttered scores of infatuated men, young and old, whose sole desire seemed to be to bask in the smiles of the radiant beauty. She flirted with this one, danced with that one, had a smile for one, and a bon bon for another; she was graceful, she was good; in a word, she was a bully boy. She had scores on scores of lovers, but never yet had she met with one whom she could truly, fondly love. At length, a young man named Armand Duval was introduced to the fair Camille—the electric flash smote both at once, and the cyprian took to Armand with all the affection and all the fervor of a pure and holy love. He, in like manner, forsook the world for her; companions were cast off, family forsaken, and home deserted, for the brilliant Camelia lady. She shook her former admirers, gave up the fictitious pleasures of the world so that she might be near Armand Duval, and in a "cottage by the sea" they met and loved, and otherwise enjoyed themselves. She was a reformed character, and meant to lead a penitent, humble, and loving life with the only being whom she had ever loved. Armand was the son of highly respectable parents, "who loved him for his eyes of blue," and other characteristics of the Duval family. His father was one of those "stern parients," of whom mention is made in the beautiful poem entitled "Willikins and his Dinah." By some underhanded means, this cruel father was apprised of the connection existing between his darling boy and the frail Camille; the news almost gave him the erysipilas, and fears were entertained that his nervous system had received a shock which all the army doctors in the land would be unable to cure. But he resolved to make one last effort to reclaim his son. He sought the cottage, where, in rural felicity, lived poor Camille. She received him with all due courtesy, and her quiet, lady-like manners at once changed the raging feelings of this gouty old gentleman; he appealed to the good sense of the poor girl to save his son, to give him up, and restore him to a father's arms. It was a sore trial between love and duty, between—shall we call it vice and virtue? She promised to leave her rustic home, to give up her only love, and with him all hopes of future happiness, so that he, Armand, should be restored to his family. It was a cruel thing to ask of her, but though it should break her heart, for *his* sake she would comply with old Duval's 'particular request.' She leaves her little home, after inditing a few lines to Armand, saying that she will see him no more. He, unconscious of the sacrifice she has made for his sake, raves like one of Van Amburgh's roaring lions, and denounces the whole female family as a set of vipers and dead beats. She returns to the world again, is welcomed to the scenes of her former triumphs by her gay and festive companions, takes up with the offer of a gold-clad lover, and revels in all the artificial enjoyment of a fictitious circle of gilded acquaintances. It is in a ball room, surrounded by a whole brigade of admirers, that she is again seen by Armand; she affects not to see him, or care for him; he upbraids her, calls her some d—d hard names, and invites the assemblage forward to see the fraud who had sold herself for gold; in his frenzy, he showers gold upon her—which, at present rates, was a very unwise proceeding when greenbacks would have answered the purpose just as well—as the price of her love, and in the midst of a general *melee*, she swoons from over excitement and suppressed emotion. Alas! human nature cannot bear up under the weight of such anguish as she has tried to endure unmurmuringly—Camille goes into an old fashioned, coughy sort of consumption, fades more and more every day, is deserted by former friends, and left to the cold charities and victuals of an unfeeling world. In all those bitter days of anguish, she never reveals her secret to a living soul, but silently suffers on, like Gen. McClellan under the abuse of his enemies. The sole occupant of a "third story back," the once beautiful creature, now grim and ghastly, is left to die upon a German made stage sofa. Armand, after years of dissipation and running around among pretty waiter girls and girls about town, is told by his father the true state of the case with regard to Camille. The "information" brings him to his senses; he immediately gets on board a Dry Dock omnibus, and flies to where his love lies bleeding her life away for him. He reaches the tenement house, knocks down one hundred children who line the halls and stairways, and arrives at the foot of the German sofa just as Camille is fixing herself to "go off easy," as the old women say. She at first recognizes his patent leather gaiters, then his voice, then his well-remembered form; she rises in the last agonies of death, and falls in Armand's arms, as he plants himself in juxtaposition to the death sofa, and "dies amid her worshiper" and the applause of the audience. This is the substance of the great play which Miss Matilda Heron introduced to our notice some years ago, at what is now called Broadway Theatre. She made such an immense hit in it that the piece ran for months, and Miss Heron was the talk of the town. She came into favor with a rush like that of a race horse, and the public never tire of seeing her in "Camille." This evening, Aug. 29th, she commences a brief engagement at Niblo's Garden, appearing in the great character we have been speaking of. Those who have not seen the play, should not permit the present opportunity to pass without visiting Niblo's Garden.

BRIGNOLI seems to have been an ill-used man, after all. It appears that he was engaged by Manager Grau, in October, 1868, for eight months, at a salary of $1600 per month, and find himself Grau went off to Europe, didn't make use of Brig., and when he came home, offered the tenor the puny sum of $800 to rescind the contract, and call the thing square. Brig. rejected the offer, appealed to our laws, and demands justice and $15,600. Unless Grau can make out a better case, we shall insist that Brignoli is entitled to what the bond calls for. Brig has been with us more than nine years, and speaks of us just now in kind and grateful terms. He says it is sad to part with such friends as he has found here (not including Grau), but hopes to return to us at no distant day. Good bye, Brig.

THE EXPERIMENT of a higher scale of prices is to be tried by Mrs. John Wood, at the Olympic, with the season commencing at that theatre on Monday evening next, September 5th. The rates of admission are hereafter to be as follows:—Dress circle and parquet, 75 cents; balcony chairs and reserved seats, $1; orchestra stalls, $1.50; seats in family circle, each 50 cents; private boxes, $5, $8, and $10. Mrs. Wood has completed her company, which is a very good one, including quite a bevy of pretty young ladies, who are sure to attract a large number of admirers, especially when marshalled by the brilliant Mrs. Wood, herself an unfailing magnet. The forces comprise Mrs. John Wood, Mrs. C. H. Gilbert, Mrs. C. T. Parsloe; Misses H. Irving, Eliza Newton, Louisa Myers, Harris, Conran, C. Young, F. Hendricks, Gilmer, Goulong; Messrs. J. H. Mortimer, W. Holston, J. H. Stoddart, W. Davidge, E. Lamb, B. T. Ringgold, C. T. Parsloe, Thos. J. Hind, T. B. McDonough, C. H. Rockwell, A. Odell, Peck; scenic artist, Mr. Jas. E. Hayes; musical director, Mr. Thos. Baker; machinist, Mr. Wm. Sanders; proprietor, Mr. Wm. Henry; gas, Mr. M. O'Brien. Mrs. Wood is sole lessee and manageress; Mr. Selwyn is stage manager; and Mr. Gilbert, prompter. Some of these are well-known to us, while others are entirely new to the Olympic boards. We see that Mr. Mortimer is to be tried again. He is a good actor, and it rests with himself whether he shall be a permanent favorite in this city or not.

MISS LUCILLE WESTERN has the gratification and glory of drawing a series of crowded houses during one of the hottest summers experienced here in thirty years. She closed a long and successful engagement at Niblo's Garden on the 27th August, running the term through on the "Sea of Ice" and "East Lynne," both of which plays were pretty well performed for dog days. Lucille is succeeded by Miss Matilda Heron.

THE FALL and winter season at Niblo's Garden is announced to begin on Monday evening next, Sept. 5th.

P. G. O'CONNELL, leader of "O'Connell's Brass Band," died on the 24th August, after a short illness, in the 37th year of his age. He was a native of Charleville, County Cork, Ireland.

MR. JOSE ALEDO, is now in this city, he having recently arrived here from Havana for the purpose of organizing a circus troupe for Havana and the interior of Cuba. Letters will reach him addressed to No. 227 East 32nd street, N. Y.

MINSTRELSY, like Death, "has all seasons for its own," and that is one reason why the manager of Wood's Minstrels keeps his beautiful hall open year in and year out, neither closing for warm weather, for cold weather, nor for "renovation and repairs," the place never being out of repair, nor the members of his band out of employment. Mr. Wood's hall is certainly a credit to our city, as visitors from abroad have frequently said to us in speaking of this establishment. The entertainments given there are also of a pleasing character, being of a class of amusements which never fail to gratify the varied tastes of a mixed metropolitan audience. Throughout the dog days and the dog nights, Mr. Wood's establishment has been largely attended, visitors finding full as much comfort there as they would experience under their own grape vines and apple trees.

JACKSON, the hero of New Orleans, voluntarily took the responsibility of many acts which it was thought would create trouble in the land, but which, under his guidance, did no such thing. Jackson, the hero of the Winter Garden, is *compelled* to take the responsibility of the bad management of that establishment for the past season or two, while the improvements exhibited the present season are attributed to another. If we mistake not, Mr. Stuart, the present loudly proclaimed manager, had full as much to say in the management last year as poor Jackson had, but as he is "in" with the critics and scribblers for the press, all praise is his, all censure Jackson's. With but few exceptions, the papers have lauded Stuart at the same time that they have shamefully denounced Jackson. This is not just. If Stuart is entitled to praise for what he is doing now, he is far more deserving of censure for his bad management last season; there is no use trying to put all the blame upon Jackson's shoulders, who, we believe, was guided in a great measure by the advice of Stuart. Who knows? The whole thing may have been part of a plan to oust Jackson, and give Stuart sole control this year; but the season is only in its commencement, and before it terminates the house may be in just as bad a plight as when it closed last season. Let us watch this thing a little.

HOW PROVOKING.—That lawyer man, Godfrey, who has a little case against Brignoli, alluded to in our last, made affidavit in the Supreme Court on the 23d that Pasquale was about to leave for Europe, and intended to take his things with him with intent to defraud his creditors; he therefore applied for a writ of attachment, and Brignoli's trunks and boxes were "seized." Just think of it, seizing the good stereotypes of the handsome tenor. We shouldn't wonder if Brignoli were to sing a song about us after he reached Europe.

SOME YEARS AGO—we forget how many—when the late Billy Burton had the management of a theatre on the ground now occupied by the Continental Hotel, Philadelphia, he produced a drama called "The Ocean Child," in which, if we are not greatly mistaken, a young man, a fresh aspirant for dramatic fame, had a little part given him which he played with such unction as to win for him the most genuine enthusiastic applause; in fact, he made his character—we forget what it was, for we were younger then than we are now, and our memory was less treacherous—one of the features of the play, and by it he came prominently into notice with the patrons of the establishment. That young man was John E. Owens, now a popular star comedian, who has, by hard study and unflagging energy, raised himself from his then very "humble" position to his present rank among the leading stars in this country. We always like to record the advancement of people who have started at the lower round of the ladder, and worked themselves up patiently by regular stages. Mr. Owens is one of this class, and now, in his own peculiar line, we question if there is another performer in the profession that can excel him. After several years absence from the Metropolitan stage he comes before us once more, and will make his appearance at the Broadway Theatre this evening, August 29th, in two of his choice characters, in which he will be supported by the new company which Manager Wood has gathered around him. A full list of the company was published in last week's CLIPPER.

SHOULD YOU DESIRE to have a good view of the draft, which is announced to come off on Monday next, 5th of September, you can find no place better adapted for that purpose than Barnum's Museum, from the balcony and windows of which the spectator can see in almost every direction. When the Prince of Wales arrived here a few years ago, where did the ladies go to view the procession? Why, to Barnum's Museum, and it was the late hour only at which the Prince passed that prevented his being seen. When Cyrus Field and Queen Victoria laid the Atlantic Cable, where did the people flock to see this end of the line? To Barnum's Museum. When the Crystal Palace was opened, and poor Pierce and his house got caught in a shower of rain, where could the public get a sight of the wet President without getting wet themselves? At Barnum's Museum. Where do we take strangers to see firemen's fights, melees between car and omnibus drivers, and people maimed for life? Why, to Barnum's Museum, to be sure. In fact, you can see any and everything down there, from an eight feet giant to a horned frog and mud fish. As the poet reliably informs us—When you've been there ten thousand years, and million shows have seen, you've no less right to see the sights, than when you did begin.

LITTLE DID WE THINK, when we drove cows along the "Bowerie" one hundred years ago, that we should live to see that beautiful cow path turned into an avenue of trade, of railroad travel, and lager bier; neither did we then suppose, while listening to the musical notes of the frog, the sweet chirping of bull toads, and the deep baying of the farmers' dogs, who barked as us as we passed them by, that sweeter sounds than even these would fall upon our auricular appendages in happier days to come. But so it is; the very spot now occupied by Campbell's Minstrels was once a clever little ditch from whence issued those rural sounds we have spoken of; many a frog's hind legs have we amputated on the sylvan shores of this last ditch of the croaking and rebellious frogs; but the sounds we then heard we shall hear no more, the forms we then smashed with a bag club or lured with red flannel and a pin hook, we shall know no more forever; they have all passed away, gone to that bourne, perhaps, whence they will be borne over to some still existing last ditch in the confederate land. Yet in their place we have the tum tum of the banjo, the silvery voice of the flute, the clang of brazen instruments, and twang of stringed; all making "music in the air," and drawing ourselves and current-ey-holders in harmony to that little spot where Frank Edwards deals out his tickets of admission to Campbell's Minstrels, where boot blacks cease from troubling, and the merried sole finds rest. When you visit Campbell's Minstrels, think of the things we have told you, and of the last ditch and first cow path. Poetry:

The boast of minstrelsy,—the Campbells forever,—
And all our greenbacks, all that man can show,
Await alike the opening hour—
The old-time cow path leads but to the show.

DON'T NEITHER THE draft, but if you *should* unavoidably be compelled to do so, we shall not be considered as discouraging enlistments perhaps, if we tell you where to go to escape detection. That place is at No. 444 Broadway, where you will be under the vigilant eye of Gen. Butler, whose army of amazons will disarm provost guards of all hostile intentions by the mere execution of a series of terpsichorean flank movements. We have seen guards enter this place to arrest deserters, but they became so interested in the show that by the time it was over they had forgotten all about the deserters, and could think of nothing else but the pretty girls they had seen there. That's so, fellows, or we would'nt say it.

IT IS SAID that Niblo's and Wallack's will adopt the same scale of prices that Mrs. Wood is about trying. If she should *not* succeed, may be they will let things remain as per last advices.

THE FEATURE the past week at the New Bowery, in a dramatic point of view, has been the production of the play of "The Iron Mask," with J. B. Howe as Gaston, Mrs. W. G. Jones as Marie, and G. W. Thompson as St. Mars. The story of the "Iron Mask" is sufficiently suggestive of mysterious, pathetic and horrible incidents to render it an eminently suit ble basis of a play belonging to the modern French school of highly-wrought historical romance. There is, perhaps, no circumstance recorded in history more remarkable, and at the same time indicative of the dissolute and unscrupulous character, as well as the concentrated power of a government, than the episode of the "Iron Mask." Mr. Howe's Gaston in the Iron Mask, was, in the main, a choice piece of acting. In this character he was in his element—which he is not in the more intense and philosophical protraitures of Shakespeare—and played with true conception and unstrained feeling. In the second act he inclined too much to the rollicking freedom of the tap-room; but in the third act, his representation of the haggard prisoner, deprived of air and light and all things beautiful and attractive to the senses or the mind, yet preserving an indomitable will and a native heroism unstained and incorruptible, was admirable. Mr. Howe has a good voice, a fine eye, and an expressive face. His figure is not graceful. He stands too much with his knees bent outward, and he walks in a dragging manner, pulling one leg after the other. Mrs. Jones, as Marie, was excellent. She rendered the devotion, fidelity and patience amidst suffering, with painful accuracy. Mr. Thompson deserves an unusual degree of credit for his St. Mars, which was in all respects worthy of him, and agreeable to his auditors.

MISS CELVE LOGAN has been the star attraction at Wallack's during the past week, and to add to the interest attending the lady's *debut*, a new play, called "Eveleen," written by herself, was produced on the occasion. We did not visit that theatre last week, and cannot, of our own knowledge, speak of the reception accorded the *debutante*, nor of the manner in which her new play was received. From what we have been able to learn, we judge that the actress made as creditable a *debut* as many who have preceded her with greater expectations—that she evoked no extraordinary enthusiasm, nor created any disappointment as to prior favorable estimates of her abilities. Her play is not calculated to build up a very exalted reputation for the author as a playwright, and yet, in saying this, it is not to be inferred that "Eveleen" is any more of a failure than other plays that have been produced at the same house, and under far more favorable auspices. Unfortunately for the *debut* of Miss Logan has been the cause of a little unnecessary newspaper warfare between some of our dramatic critics, in which more *personal* feeling is exhibited than should be permitted to intrude in fair and honest criticism. It is a fault with a few of our critics that they frequently lavish undeserved praise upon actresses with whom they are on terms of intimacy, while meritorious performers, with whom they are not in favor, are lashed mercilessly by the same hand. Some time ago an actress played a short star engagement at one of our up-town theatres, and it is said that the critic of a daily paper was instrumental in injuring the lady's pro-pects by some rather severe strictures; this excited the ire of *her* knight, a critic on a Sunday paper, who bided his time for revenge. The opportunity was furnished him in the *debut* of Miss Logan, who is the *protege* of nothing more, of the critic of the daily before referred to; and the *protege* and her new play "caught it" in one or two of the dailies and also in the Sunday journal, all ascribed to the pen of the Sunday critic, and thus the beginning of "retaliation." It is a pity "when children of one family fall out and chide and fight," as our nursery rhymes express it, and if this sort of feeling is not squelched it will lessen the high estimate hereto ore placed upon our dramatic critics, and squelch many a really deserving performer who may be so unfortunate as to find personal favor with either of the contending parties.

THE STAR THEATRE, located in the Bowery, is being refitted for the coming season, and opens Sept. 3d. The manager is in want of a good *danseuse*, a song and dance man, also a few general performers. See JAS. CONNER & CO'S "ad" in another column.

AN ENTERTAINMENT will be given at Hope Chapel on Thursday evening, Sept. 1st, for the benefit of E. J. White, the well-known agent.

MISS LOTTY THOMPSON, the charming actress, arrived in the city this day (the 29th), and is stopping at the St. Nicholas Hotel.

MR. B. MACAULEY, from the Louisville Theatre, has been engaged expressly to play A mand Duval to the Camille of Miss Heron, at Niblo's Garden.

THE STADT THEATRE, over in the Bowery, has been purchased by Mr. T. L. Donnelly, and will be opened shortly, under the management of Wilbeck, Donnelly & John F. Poole, the dramatist. The establishment has been newly decorated, painted and upholstered, and extensive alterations are being made. It will be opened as the "Varieties," and the performances given will be similar to those at 444 on Broadway.

ROBERT HELLER—than whom there is no better magician extant—is at his diabolism again. He will re-open his "Belle Diabolique" in Broadway on Thursday, Sept 8th. During the recess he has been waving his necromantic wand to some purpose inside. Hingston tells us, and he ought to know, that rugged rocks have been piled up in front of the stalls, adown which raging cataracts of roaring water, scented with Phalon's Night Blooming Cerus, are to rush down over rousing precipices and to flow through a peaceful valley, full of rural loveliness and rare richness of floral beauty. This is to be called "The Garden of the Genii." New arrangements have been made for the comfort of visitors, and a new programme provided for their delectation. Relative to the programme we shall have more to say next week. One feature of it is likely to create considerable consternation among the minstrel community; for that which Heller announces as "The Minstrel Anthropolosei," we understand to be an imported troupe of negro melodists, each not more than twenty-five inches in height. Though made of wood, they are said to be able to use the bones and the banjo—to make jokes and sing sentimentally. Doing it all for no salary whatever.

ARTEMUS WARD has great things in preparation. In the first place he has leased Dodworth's Hall and had it decorated in superb style. Then he has borrowed the best artist from nearly every theatre and is preparing a pictorial entertainment of "Life among the Mormons. Messrs Hilliard Gaspard Maeder, John Thorne, J. H Hiard, Jun., and a dozen others have been at work on the pictures for many months. Their magnificence is to be something extraordinary. The whole of Brigham Young's Harem is to be exhibited with portraits of all his wives, and a full exposition of how Brigham attends to family duties with a hundred wives and three times that number of children. The ubiquitous Hingston, who accompanied Artemus Ward to Salt Lake, is attending to the getting up of the show; which, undoubtedly, will prove to be one of the great sensations of the season.

Dramatic.

MISS FANNY B. PRICE, supported by M. D. Hanchett, closed a highly successful engagement of two weeks at Rouse's Theatre, Harrisburg, Pa., on the 27th ult. The lady commences an engagement at Ellsler's Athenæum, Columbus, O., Aug. 29th.

THE NEW CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE, Philadelphia, is now under the joint management of Messrs. Grover & Sinn, the latter having bought a half interest therein. "Aladdin, or the Wonderful Lamp" is now having a successful run there. The fall and winter season will commence on the 10th inst., so those ladies and gentlemen who are engaged for this establishment will govern themselves accordingly.

MR. AND MRS. BARNEY WILLIAMS commence a four weeks' engagement at Grover's Washington Theatre, Sept. 26th.

MESSRS. CRUMP & CO., of the Athenæum, Cairo, Ill., have made arrangements to send a dramatic company to Paducah, Ky., for a brief season. It will comprise the following ladies and gentlemen: Misses Hattie Franklin, M. Madelaine, Mabel Cabourne, Nash, Ida Love, and Messrs. Harry Hudson J. B Mason, Ben. C. Smith, Breyer and Ryan. The season commences Aug. 31, with B. C. Smith as stage manager.

MR. O. D. MOORE is making arrangements to open the Defiance Theatre, Cairo, Ill., on the 15th of September. He proposes entirely remodeling and refitting the house in the interior.

MISS CHARLOTTE THOMPSON, who is enjoying the retirement of her home in Rockland Co., N. Y., had a narrow escape from a serious accident on Tuesday of last week. She was out with a party of friends for equestrian exercise, when early in the evening a violent thunder storm suddenly arose, and it became so dark that the party could not see the horses upon which they rode except at intervals when the flashes of lightning were most vivid and terrific. Miss Thompson's horse took fright and dashed away ungovernable. Fortunately, the artiste had sufficient presence of mind to calmly keep her seat, and the horse went with headlong speed to his home, where he took refuge beneath an outhouse, and the lady happily escaped with only a good drenching from the rain.

THE HOLLIDAY ST. THEATRE, Baltimore, opened on Saturday evening, Aug. 27th, for the fall and winter season, with the spectacular drama of "Faust," Mr. J. B. Roberts in the character of Mephistopheles, and the following cast: Faust, (first appearance,) Colin Stewart; Valentine, (first appearance,) J. H. Wilder; Brander, W. H. Baker; Seibel, J. T. Raymond; Wagner, (first appearance,) J. S. Stevens; Fritz, T. Wanley; Peter, (first appearance,) D. E. Radley; Anselme, J. R. Bradford; Carl, Miss Harrison; Beggar, G. G. Spear; Priest, P. Mason: Old Man, J. King; Taster, T. Brown; Marguerite, an Orphan, Miss Alice Gray; Martha, (first appearance,) Mrs. D. Hanchett; Madeline, (first appearance,) Miss Thompson; Bertha, (first appearance,) A. Wheelock; Helene, Miss H. Franklin; Annette, Miss J. Monell; Gertrude, Miss Wells.

WILLIE WARE has been engaged at the Metropolitan, Rochester, for light comedy and first walking gent, for the season.

DUFFIELD & FLYNN inaugurated the fall and winter season at Nashville August 23d, with the celebrated Carter Zouave Troupe. Our correspondent "Cumberland" writing August 23d says: "During the interim the theatre has been entirely redecorated, new scenery painted, and comfortable arm chairs in place of the unsightly benches now adorn the parquet. Four commodious boxes have been constructed, elegantly furnished; a new drop curtain has also been added. This theatre will compare favorably with any in the west or south for comfort and elegance. The company is composed of the best theatrical talent obtainable, comprising many old favorites, with several new faces. A formidable array of stars have been engaged who will follow each other in rapid succession during the season..... Messrs Allen and Simon of the new theatre threw open their doors on the 23d. The opening piece was "Love's Sacrifice," followed by singing and dancing, and concluding with a favorite farce. A crowded house was present on the occasion. Messrs A. and S. deserve credit for their clever management of this little bijou of a theatre; several important alterations have during the vacation been made in the interior arrangements of this house, which add vastly to its comfort and general appearance. The floor of the parquet has been raised, the boxes, eight in number, entirely remodelled, and every means applied to add to the pleasure and comfort of the audiences. The company numbers several meritorious professionals in its ranks, among whom, I may allude to Mr. L. P. Roys, leading business, Mr. James A. Coles, juvenile, a really promising young actor, and Miss Annie Levering, leading lady. I have no reason to doubt but that the efforts of the worthy managers of both houses will be rewarded by plethoric pocketbooks and increased managerial fame."

"THE MENKENS," at the conclusion of her engagement at Astley's, London, will advance on Paris, where she proposes to play her great character of Mazeppa in the French language. Manager Smith, who has the management of the lady's affairs in Europe, is "working up the case" in the most elaborate manner. "The Menken" will hit 'em very heavily, or fail disastrously in the attempt. We believe she will achieve a great success.

HELEN WESTERN is now announced to open as Wood's Theatre, Cincinnati, on the 5th of September. She was also announced some time ago to appear at the St. Louis Theatre, but she failed to fulfill her engagement, and the manager was compelled to open with his stock, not having provided for such an "emergency" as occurred. It would be well if Manager Wood would see to it in time that Miss Helen does not disappoint *his* patrons.

MRS. H. A. PERRY is preparing to open the Milwaukie Academy of Music on the 19th of September. She proposes to run stars during a portion of the season.

EFFIE HENDERSON will have a number of new and attractive plays added to her list for the approaching theatrical campaign; she has been occupied in a careful study of the heroines during the summer vacation. Miss Henderson is quite a pleasing actress, and has already made a good impression in some of the principal theatres in this country, as well as in England. She will resume her operations in a short time.

ELLSLER'S ATHENÆUM, Columbus, O., commences the fall season on the 29th of August. The same management will conduct the business at the Academy, Cleveland, Ohio.

BELLA GOLDEN, comedienne, danseuse and vocalist, proposes to start on her travels in Sept mber. Mr. Parsloe is her New York agent. We hope to hear that Bella golden results has obtained by her professional talents.

KATE DENIN and Sam Ryan are engaged to commence an engagement at Cairo, Ill., early in September. C. Busch is their agent, and managers desiring to negotiate will please see Busch.

SHOW BILLS and everything in that line can be procured in New York of Clarry & Reilly, and Theodore Dunton; in Buffalo of Joseph Warren & Co.; and in Hartford, Conn., of the Calhoun Printing Company. Their respective addresses may be seen in our advertising columns.

THE MAZEPPA business will again be monopolized, the coming season, by lovely woman. A man has no show in that race any longer. With the assumption of the character by the Menken and Crampton, a total change was effected in the "fiery, untamed steed" business, and where but little pecuniary results followed the performance of Mazeppa by well-known actors, the treasury-box was filled when pretty actresses essayed the part, and now it may be said to be exclusively their own. While the Menken is delighting the Londoners, and exhibiting her beautiful face and form to the admiring gaze of all England, the home market will be supplied by Kate Vance, Kate Fisher, Kate Raymond, and other bonnie Kates; and probably some new and fresh aspirant may flash upon us before the thing is played out. The tight-fitting costume will be much in vogue henceforth, whether in "Mazeppa," the "French Spy," or other plays of that school; the actress that can make up the best, and display the most prominent physical points of female beauty, can attract thousands of artistic admirers. We are improving in our taste for the arts, and these living pictures do much to foster that taste. The "fiery steed," a valuable auxiliary in the Mazeppa business, is being put through his paces preparatory to his bringing forth for the next campaign.

THE NEW CAIRO ATHENÆUM opened on July 11th, and reports reach us of a successful season, so far, which may be decidedly credited to the score of good news. Stars, actors, and actresses of repute are wanted by the managers, Messrs. Crump & Co., who are willing to award liberal terms. See their advertisement in another column.

THE NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE opens Sept 10th, under the management of Frank A. Tannehill, and with the following company: R. Maginley, F. Pierce, D

and L. R. Shewell were well received by the patrons of this house. A new piece by Boucicault is in active rehearsal.

MRS. CONWAY'S PARK THEATRE, Brooklyn, opens on Saturday, Sept. 3d. Her company includes herself as leading lady; Mrs. H. P. Grattan as old woman; Miss Hawthorne for the juvenile business; Miss King for chambermaid; Miss A. Plunkett as second chambermaid; Miss S. Plunkett as walking lady; Miss Grinnell, ditto; and Mrs. Seymour as second old woman. Of the masculines of the company there is Mr. Conway, leading man; Mr. G. M. Lewis, leading heavy man; Mr. James Duff, juvenile man; Mr. Chatman, old man; Mr. Graver, low comedian; Mr. Parker, second old man; Mr. Currier, walking gentleman; and Messrs. Maxwell, Florence and Moore for the general utility business, the stage being under the management of Mr. F. Wemyss. Mr. Tyrrell is the scenic artist; Mr. Newman, from Niblo's, carpenter; Mr. Moore, property man; and Mr. Van Olker, leader of the orchestra.

Negro Minstrelsy.

NEGRO MINSTRELSY promises to occupy a prominent place in our amusements for the coming year, and managers, in view of the fact, are making their engagements accordingly. In New York, our permanent companies will include Wood's Minstrels, Campbell's troupe, and Bryants', probably, although there seems to be a little uncertainty about the operations of this last-named party, one of the proprietors, with a laudable desire to make a position for himself on the regular stage, creating a little discord in the heretofore harmonious conduct of the band. In Boston, Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's great company will occupy the same high stand which they have held for several years past. This is a capital organization, managed with great ability by Mr. Lon Morris, one of the best business men in the profession, and a clever performer as well. Buckley's troupe also left a void in the Hub. In Philadelphia, the Eleventh Street Opera House, for many years the scene of Nigger Minstrelsy, is possessed and occupied by Carncross & Dixey's Minstrels, who last year were very successful. Another party, "Frank Moran's Minstrels," are announced to sit down at Concert Hall (lower saloon) this season; to succeed, they must have a first-class company, for Carncross & Dixey, a couple of blocks distant only, are already established; if Moran can gather around him some good comedians and good singers, he may take root. There is also some talk of a new hall on Chestnut street, but nothing definite is known about the matter. Sam Sanford, one of the pioneers of the present form of minstrelsy, is anxious to locate once more in the Quaker City, and, it is stated, is willing to "put in" an equal share with three others for the erection of a new hall, several sites for which Sam has now in sight. There ought to be a first class minstrel hall and company on the Broadway of Philadelphia. In Chicago, Arlington's troupe may again "squat down" for another season. There will, in all probability, be a large number of travelling companies on the wing before many weeks elapse; the principal concerns will be those of Sam Sharpley, Duprez & Green, Charley Morris, Raynor's, etc. Sharpley is yet out, having continued his season without intermission; Duprez & Green come forth in September; Raynor is operating in various sections, and Charley Morris has also resumed business. Some minstrel managers have made many 5-20 bonds within the past two years, while others have made more expenses than they could successfully stagger under. The competition of 34-5 will be much.

AN END MAN, styling himself "Ned Turner the Great," advertises in this issue of the CLIPPER for a "situation." He also claims to be some on low comedy. See his advertisement for his address.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS were performing in the small towns of Connecticut last week.

SANDERSON'S MINSTRELS appeared at Maryland Institute, Baltimore, last week, to good business. One evening during the week Neise Seymour, who happened to be in town (his native city), appeared in conjunction with the party.

SAM SHARPLEY'S IRON CLADS were to open at Mozart Hall, Cincinnati, August 29th, for one week.

A YOUTH OF SEVENTEEN SUMMERS advertises in this issue of the CLIPPER to the effect that he wishes to become a pupil of some good negro comedian. For his address, see advertising columns.

MANAGER DUPREZ, of Duprez & Greene's Minstrels, requests, in our advertising columns in this issue, that all the members who are engaged for his troupe will assemble at Providence, R. I., by the 19th of September, at latest, for the purpose of reorganizing, rehearsing, etc., previous to commencing the fall and winter campaign. A letter announcing their whereabouts is also expected from each member as soon as possible. Mr. Duprez also announces a vacancy for a good first violinist and clarionet-player. See his card in another column.

RAYNOR'S NEGRO MINSTRELS are at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, this week, opening on the 29th. They have quite a sensation poster on the dead walls, about a couple of young ladies following the minstrels from city to city, and all that. It's a pretty good thing, and has drawn attention to the troupe, which, of course, is the end aimed at. Admission 25 cents; orchestra seats in front, 50 cents.

CARNCROSS & DIXEY make further additions to their troupe this week, the newcomers being the "Buffalo Boys"—who will come out to-night, and every night, until further notice—and Mr. Edward Murray, Ethiopian comedian. Their programme is unusually attractive this week.

HARRY EVARTS, Ethiopian comedian, seeks an engagement for the season, by advertising in this week's CLIPPER. For his capabilities, address, etc., see his card in another column.

A CLARIONET Player and a good baritone singer are wanted by the Messrs. Buckley for their Boston establishment. See advertisement.

ARLINGTON, LEON AND KELLY'S MINSTRELS delighted Rochester audiences last week, filling Corinthian Hall four nights.

NEWCOMB'S MINSTRELS appear at New Haven Aug. 30th and 31st. Childers is with the party.

SAM SHARPLEY'S IRON CLADS are hard at work this week bombarding Mozart Hall, Cincinnati. Business has been immense with the party. Samuel denies the statement made by a correspondent in our last issue, that he (Sam) told all the gags. Sam says this is false, that there are three gags in the first part; Wagner (Bones) has the first one, Samuel the second, and the other divided between them. Samuel says he don't like this false charge, as Wagner is one of the most gentlemanly performers in the business, and withal a good and man. The Iron Clads closed in St. Louis to a $600 house, which is a good proof that Samivel told his gags to some purpose. When Lumont sang his ballad there was not a dry eye in the house, and when Sam played his banjo solo there was not a dry shirt to be found. It is said to have been *some* warm if not "summer."

AT HOOLEY'S OPERA HOUSE, BROOKLYN, "mirth rules the hour," and crowded houses are nightly in attendance to wile away an hour or two most pleasantly. There is an entire change in the programme this week, and the Hooleyites will do their best to please the patrons of their bijou hall.

PETER STERLING and Mrs. Cranshaw, of the minstrel persuasion, were married July 25th at Virginia City.

MORRIS BROS., PELL & TROWBRIDGE'S MINSTRELS are reaping a rich reward from the improvements made in their opera house, Boston. The opening night, Aug. 23d, caused so great an excitement among the friends of those popular artists, that crowds were unable to gain admission, even before the performance began, and the rush continued unabated during the week.

THE BUCKLEYS are as active as ever in Boston; energetic, original, funny and musically superior as ever. Business has been good since the opening night, and this week a choice programme is offered.

Music Halls.

MDLLE. AUGUSTA, the *premier danseuse*, has joined Mons. Topkoff, and they go on a starring tour through the country, commencing at Dingle's Varieties, St. Louis.

THE ATHENÆUM, Cleveland, O., with A. Montpelier manager, has a good company engaged at present, consisting of Frank Wood, Gus Lee, F. Lum, Barry Carter, Master Admiral, Nick Grist, Hank Goodman, Alice Cristine, Julia Yale, Emma Marsh and Kitty Shimer.

BALLET GIRLS are wanted by Jas. H. Keep, for Norfolk, Va. See his advertisement.

THE NEW CANTERBURY, Baltimore, which had for some time been conducted in a by Messrs. Minor and White, has lately changed hands, the above-named gentlemen disposing of their share to Mr. T. D. Bancroft. Messrs. Budd, Howard, Pony Smith, Young Jim Sanford; Misses Jenny Drew, Ida Devere, Francis Gardner and Viola Clifton (who, it appears, has not retired from the stage, nor is to be married, as a correspondent stated), appeared last week.

GEO. LEA, the great music hall manager, will loom up largely the coming season. A number of the best performers in the business are under contract to him, and these he will play alternately in the principal cities, including New Orleans, where, we understand, he purposes opening a hall with performances of every character, including singing, dancing, gymnastics, Ethiopianisms, farce, etc. At present, he is amusing the Heads and Tails of the Nation, at his Canterbury Hall, Washington, which is now one of the institutions of that wicked and ungovernable city. By drawing Congressmen, and Senators, and the Cabinet, and contractors to his establishment, he saves the country a great deal of money, for while at his hall they are prevented from doing mischief or "relieving" the treasury.

BANFORD'S HALL, Harrisburg, Pa., under the management of Wells & Co., is doing a profitable business with good performers and attractive programmes. Julia Marsh and Charley Potts finished a short engagement on the 20th ult.

CAPITOL HALL, Harrisburg, Pa., under the management of Joe Miller, is giving general satisfaction. Since our last, Joe has added to his company Mr. John Carroll, Irish jig and clog dancer; Mr. Francis Brotherson, sword swallower and slack wire walker; and Mr. Augustus McKenzie, comedian. Miss Julia Marsh, dancer, re-appeared last week. Andy Williams, the banjoist, finished an engagement there on the 27th ult.

THE CASINO, Philadelphia, with Chris. Norrie as business manager, and the veteran James Pilgrim as stage manager, was opened on the 23d ult., for the season, with an extensive and versatile company. The range of performances will include the ballet, ethiopian acts, singing, pantomimes, clog dancing, gymnastics, etc., by the best artists, so that there will be no reason why the Casino may not retain its deserved popularity with the citizens of Philadelphia.

A FIRST AND SECOND-CLASS DANCER AND BALLET GIRL are advertised for in this issue, for a season at the Academy of Music, New Orleans.

AT THE NATIONAL, Cincinnati, a benefit for the Draft Fund came off on the 24th ult. The bill was the "Stranger," with Mrs. J. B. Phillips as Mrs. Haller, Harry Clifford as Old Solomon, and Jennie Allen as Charlotte.

DENNY GALLAGHER and Miss Colene are engaged for Fred. Aimes' Music Hall, Pittsburgh.

MARRIED, on the 16th ult., in Baltimore, Md., Mr. Kurtz, the well-known banjoist and delineator, to Miss Nellie Gray, the favorite deseuse.

THE GARDEN PALACE, Baltimore, has been drawing good houses the past week, with Miss Naomi Porter as the principal attraction. Miss Nellie Taylor, the accomplished vocalist, still continues to charm her hearers, and although in her thirteenth week, the applause with which she is greeted does not seem to abate in the least.

AT THE BALTIMORE MELODEON business has exceeded the most sanguine expectations of the proprietor, during the past week; as, with Hernandez as the chief card, full houses are the rule. In addition to the versatile Hernandez, W. T. Dulany, Frank Kerns, Johnny Thompson, and the Misses Frances Hernandez, Mary Bogart, Nellie Gray, and Fanny Chapman, are in the company. The proprietor, Mr. Robert Gardiner, intends adding to the strength of the company, and novelty and sensation is to be the order of the day. See his advertisement to that effect in this issue of the CLIPPER.

THE NEW CANTERBURY MUSIC HALL, Baltimore, has been put through a course of renovation and ornamentation, and is now one of the institutions of that city. Talented artists are wanted in the various music hall specialties by the proprietor, Mr. T. D. Bancroft. See advertisement.

THE CASINO, Philadelphia, has had a very encouraging opening week. The old favorites have had a glorious reception, while the new people have also come in for a liberal share of popular favor. Matinees are now given on Saturday afternoons.

MARIETTA RAVEL opened in Pittsburgh, Pa., at Fred Aimes' Hall, Aug. 23d, for two weeks. This artiste then goes to Cincinnati, at the National, for two months.

HARRY CLIFFORD and Jennie Allen are underlined to appear at the Olympic, Cincinnati.

Circuses.

THE SETH B. HOWES CIRCUS is advertised to show ahead as follows: Peoria, Ill., Aug. 26th, Pekin 27th, Bloomington 29th, Atlanta 30th, Lincoln 31st, Clinton Sept. 1st, Decatur 2d, Springfield 3d, Petersburg 5th, Havana 6th, Lewiston 7th, Canton 8th, Avon 9th, Macomb 10th, Carthage 12th, Keokuk 13th, Warsaw 14th, Augusta 15th, Camp Point 16th, Quincy 17th, Barry 19th, Pittsfield 20th, Griggsville or Perrysville 21st, Mount Sterling 22d, Rushville 23d, Beardstown 24th, Jacksonville 26th, Winchester 27th, Carlton 28th, Jerseyville 29th, ——— 30th, Alton, Oct. 1st, Bunker's Hill 3d, Hillsborough 4th, Carlisle 5th, Edwardsville 6th, Belleville 7th, and on the 8th at St. Louis for one week.

THE SLAYMAKER & NICHOLS party had a narrow escape from a "burning up" lately. The party took boat for Shelburne, Aug. 12th, but the stock and empty wagons went by the road. While progressing on the river, the engine-room was discovered in flames, and, for a while, everything was very lively. Cook, the Hinglish Clown, and Maurice Sands resembled some of the parties at Bull Run. Two horses were slightly burned. The company performed at Shelburne, N. S., on the 13th of August. The company expect to be in Charlestown this week, and about the 6th inst. at Windsor, N. S.

TOM KING has withdrawn from the O'Brien & King Excelsior Circus, having left the concern at Port Huron, Mich., Aug. 20th. Mr. King's wife and Wm. Smith, the L'echelle performer, left at the same time. Mr. King makes some severe charges against the manager of the concern in a card published elsewhere. He was in the city on Saturday last and left for Washington, where he proposes erecting an Amphitheatre for the winter.

THE EXCELSIOR CIRCUS (late O'Brien & King's) was to appear at Jonesville, Mich., Aug. 29th, and is billed for Elkhardt, Ind., Sept. 12th. They then steer for Chicago, where they open Sept 16th for one week, and then close the season. Jimmy Reynolds is still in the company and is said to have improved of late. Wambold and Louis Zanfretta are also in the company.

THE ARAB TROUPE leave for California the first of November.

STONE, ROBSTON & CO.'S CIRCUS performed in Providence, R. I., two days last week to crowded houses. Hutchinson's dogs are favorably spoken of. The route ahead for this show is as follows:—Webster, Sept. 3d; Southbridge, 5th; Putman, 6th; Danielsonville, 7th; Norwich, 8th; Westerly, 9th; Mystic, 10th; New London, 12th; and Hartford, 13th, for three days.

SEELVILLE'S AUSTRALIAN CIRCUS was billed for Houghton, Lake Superior, Mich., for August 29th and 30th.

VAN AMBURGH & CO.'S MENAGERIE is now in Vermont, and their route since entering that State is as follows:—South Chester, August 27th; Proctorsville, 29th; Windsor, 30th; Woodstock, 31st; White River Village, Sept. 1st; Royalston, 2d; Chelsea, 3d; Bradford, 5th; Wells River, 6th; Littleton, 7th; St. Johnsbury, 8th; Cabot, 9th; and Montpelier, 10th. The business continues immense beyond all precedent.

SPALDING & ROGERS' CIRCUS is advertised to visit Pontiac, Mich., Sept. 1st; Fentonville, 2d; Lansing, 3d; St. Johns, 5th; Lowell, 8th; and Grand Rapids, 9th.

L. B. LENT'S EQUESCURRICULUM has been meeting with success in Minnesota. The show is billed to pitch tent at Stirling, Sept. 1st; Fulton City, 2d; Mount Carroll, 3d; Freeport, 5th; and Oregon, 7th.

THE VICTORIA GARDENS, Montreal, C. E., bid fair to become the favorite resort for the amusement-loving denizens of that ancient city. For circus companies traveling that way, the Gardens are most advantageously situated, and have every facility for accommodating any of our "Mammoth Shows," including a good, dry ring, and stabling, etc., for fifty horses. Those of our circus managers who intend halting at Montreal this season, should read J. B. Brousdon's advertisement in another column.

A GOOD SIDE SHOW CANVAS is offered for sale in this week's CLIPPER. It is said to be in good order, and a bargain to any one that wants to purchase.

ROBINSON & HOWES' CHAMPION CIRCUS opened in Chicago, Aug. 26th, and was to remain ten days.

STONE, ROBSTON & CO.'S CIRCUS was to exhibit at Phœnix, Mass., Aug 29th, Pawtucket 30th, and at Woonsocket 31st.

THE WHITBY FAMILY, it is said, will soon join the Brien & King Circus.

Miscellaneous.

WALL AND FENTON LITHOGRAPHER, next to an advertisement in the CLIPPER, is about the best means of bringing the merits of any kind of a show or exhibition to the attention of the public. This all experienced showmen will readily concede, even he of the woolly horse notoriety. All managers, therefore, should make straightway for the best bill poster's establishment in any place they may visit. If in their peregrinations they should halt at Dover, N. H., Charles W. Kimball is the first man they should enquire for, as he has "hot paste at all hours of the day and evening." See his card in another column.

A THEATRICAL and Minstrel Agency has been established by Messrs. Davis & Co., of Cincinnati, for the Western cities, and in this issue of the CLIPPER they have an advertisement calling for several performers, including two end men, a jig dancer, and two young ladies who can sing and dance well. Parties desiring such situations should address Messrs. Davis & Co. at once.

LARUE'S WAR SHOW, with J. W. Whiston the humorist, was at Kingston, C. W., August 27th.

MONS. VERBECKE appeared at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, last week, in conjunction with Sanderson's Minstrels.

PROF. KARL KAHR, the Prestidigitateur, announces his route ahead, as follows—Des Moines, Iowa, Sept. 1st; Muscatine, 5th; and Davenport, 7th.

THOMAS TRAINOR, professionally known as Thomas Frazier the balladist, died July 18th, at LaRoy, Genesee Co., N. Y. He was possessed of a voice that at times almost electrified his hearers. While in the army he was captured by the rebels and confined in Libby prison for several months. His gentlemanly deportment and kindness attracted the attention of the rebel authorities, and he was placed in a position by which the sufferings of his comrades were greatly mitigated. He died from consumption, contracted while a prisoner, and was about 27 years of age.

MANZONI, the Prestidigitateur, is travelling through the Eastern States, with C. Armory Bruce as agent.

A LECTURER of experience wishes an engagement with a panorama. See R. Grant Barnwell's advertisement in another column.

SKILFUL MANUFACTURERS and inventors of magical apparatus are not readily found. For this reason we take pleasure in calling attention to Jerome Lubin's advertisement in this issue of the CLIPPER, which gives his address, etc.

MR. H. WALSH, violoncello performer, now in Providence, R. I., wishes an engagement.

Prof. J. M. SEARL was at Houghton, Lake Superior, Mich., last week.

MONS. OCTAVIUS BRANDEL, the tenor singer, is at Odd Fellows' Hall, Memphis.

TWOMBLY & HASTY'S POLYORAMA OF THE WAR was unrolled at Dover, N. H., Aug. 15th.

THE FAKIR OF VISHNA was at Dover, N. H., Aug. 22d.

FREDERICK ARNE, the Acoustician, Ventriloquist, &c., assisted by Mr. John Clarke, formerly of the English Opera Troupe, recently playing at Mrs. John Wood's Theatre, is billed to appear at Bridgeport, Ct., on the 1st and 2d of Sept.

THE DODGE & HAYWARD PARTY was at Yreka, Cal., July 24th. While there Mr. Hayward received the news of the death of his brother, Lieut. Henry Hayward, of the Second New Hampshire Regiment, who was mortally wounded at the battle of Gaine's Mills. Lieut. Hayward had served nearly three years, and expected to return home with his regiment in about two weeks, at the time of his death. He was with McClellan through all his campaigns, with Burnside, Hooker Meade and Grant. Up to the time of his death he had fought in nearly thirty battles, passed through them all unscathed, except the one in which he fell mortally wounded.

MR. JOHN DICKENSON advertises in this issue of the CLIPPER for a situation to travel as agent.

Amateur.

THE INDEPENDENT DRAMATIC Association of this city give their first performance at Dramatic Hall, East Houston street, Sept 1st, when the following pieces will be performed: "The Maid of Croissy"; "The Midnight Watch," and "The Limerick Boy" The officers of the Association are, Director, J. T. Benson; Vice Director, H. Harding; Secretary, H. Hampton; Treasurer, S. H. Pine; Stage Manager, Ed Hannah; Assistant Manager, C. Lutvogt. The company consists of J. T. Benson, S. H. Pine, Edward Hannah, H. Harding, H. Hampton, Sol. Yowell, Jr., C. Lutvogt, Wm. Barclay, Miss Maude St. Leon, Miss Lottie Clifford, Elsie St. Leon, Miss Franklin, and Miss Leland.

Foreign Dramatic and Show News.

IN LONDON, Eng., the people are impatiently awaiting the first appearance of Adah Isaacs Menken, and a great success is anticipated for her. With Dion Boucicault as adviser, and Howard Paul as superintendent of the lady's business affairs, we do not see how it can be otherwise. Francois Loissette is to be her equestrian director; there will be three grooms in attendance, and "Mazeppa" is to be done with twenty horses instead of one, with twelve runs, one hundred ballet girls, seventy-five "supes," making, all told, some three hundred strong. Mazeppa under such circumstances, must certainly be an attractive spectacle, and we think it not to be classed among too "great expectations" that it, with the heroine, will be the sensation of London during its continuance on the boards. At the conclusion of her present engagement, the Menken will give the Parisians an opportunity to see and hear "Mazeppa" in their own tongue, as her translations are all ready. *Vive la Menken!*

MR. FREDERICK ROBSON the well known London burlesque actor died in London August 12th. Mr. Robson has been long suffering from severe illness, which had compelled his withdrawal from the Olympic boards some time ago. Mr. Robson was born at Margate 1821. He was apprenticed at the usual age to a copperplate engraver in the neighborhood of Covent garden, but his affections soon tended towards another branch of art, and he obtained an appearance at the once famous Amateur Theatre in Catherine street, Strand, where he appeared as Simon Mealbag in the drama of "Grace Huntley." To obtain practice he accepted an engagement at the Whitstable Theatre as "second utility," but as this theatre was situated on the first floor of a private house it may be readily understood his limits of action were exceedingly circumscribed. He went to other equally small estabishments, appeared at Hastings, and finally proceeded to the Metropolis, making, in 1844, his appearance at the Grecian, where he remained five years. The Manager of the Queen's Theatre, Dublin, then offered Mr. Robson an engagement in a leading position. This was accepted, and commenced in 1850. With the Dublin public, honorably celebrated for its high appreciation of talent, the new comedian became immediately a great favorite. He remained in the Irish capital for three years, dividing his time there between the two principal Theatres. On Mr. Compton's secession from the Olympic he was engaged by Mr. Farren to supply that gentleman's place, and he accordingly appeared there at Easter, 1853; after a very few weeks of public indifference, making his name the great feature of the playbill, he made his bow to the Olympic audience (March 26th, 1853), in "Catching an Heiress, but it was not till the late Francis Talfourd's clever burlesque of "Macbeth" came out (28th April, 1853), that he really made a great impression. On the 2d of May following he gave a fresh popularity to Jem Bogg in "*The Wandering Minstrel*," and in the succeeding July played Shylock in Mr. Talfourd's travestie of "*The Merchant of Venice*." These parts established his fame as a comedian of rare power, and when in the October of the same year Mr. Alfred Wigan became lessee, Mr. Robson was retained as a most valuable attraction. In "The Camp at the Olympic" and "Plot and Passion" he excited the admiration of the whole town, and after wards in Mr. Planche's fairy burlesques and in Mr. Brough's "*Medea*," was acknowledged a comedian of the highest order. When Mr. Wigan surrendered his management of the Olympic, in 1857, Mr. Robson became joint lessee of that establishment with Mr. W. S. Emden, and till the time of his death though he had ceased to act there, his name appeared as co-lessee on the playbills. It was this thorough appreciation of the greatness and complexity of human nature which made Mr. Robson the first actor of the day in his particular line; and his loss will be greatly deplored by both the public, who appreciated him so much, and the theatrical profession, who esteemed him so highly.

THE COMIC SINGING CONTEST between J. Blanchard and J. Taylor for £100 was to come off August 24th, at Weston's Music Hall, London, each gentleman to sing six comic songs; the judges previously elected to decide upon the originality and the merit of each singer's budget; and he who displays the greatest amount of nature, simplicity, and art, will, of course, receive the verdict. As far as favor goes, Mr. Blanchard was decidedly the A 1 of expectation.

PROFESSOR ANDERSON, the Wizard of the North, makes his reappearance in London September 5th, after an absence of seven years, at St. James' Hall. The Professor will be assisted by Miss L. S. Anderson.

AT THE LYCEUM THEATRE, London, great preparations are being made for the production of the opening drama. For the first time since the alteration of the stage its resources will be made available. M. Fechter has completely recovered his health, and has a part admirably adapted to display high dramatic qualifications. The theatre will open in October.

THE OLD BOWER THEATRE, London, so long allowed to sink into neglect, has found a lessee in Mr. John Kimber, who proposes to revive the fortunes of the house by giving a class of entertainments with which the frequenters of the Strand and New Royalty establishments are familiar. The theatre has undergone great alteration, and is now elegantly decorated.

AT THE ADELPHI, London, a new farce by T. J. Williams, called "My Wife's Maid," was produced August 8th.

CUTTING A LION'S CLAWS.—The Brussels journals give an account of a curious surgical operation just performed on the great African lion belonging to the Zoological Society of that city. For some time past the animal has been suffering from disease in the feet, which necessitated the cutting of its claws. In order to do this without danger, a large box was prepared with a grated bottom, covered by a wooden floor which could be withdrawn so as to allow the lion's feet to pass between the bars. The top of the box was also made to descend by means of screws, so as to press on the animal and prevent it drawing in its feet. When the lion entered the box, the latter was turned on its side and the sliding bottom withdrawn. The paws then slipped between the bars, and the screws above were tightened. M. Thiernesse, assisted by five pupils of the Veterinary School, then proceeded to cut away the claws. The patient bore the operation tolerably well, only uttering a short roar occasionally, and seemed relieved when the first paw had been cut and dressed. A keeper, to whom the lion is much attached, sat near its head and endeavored to calm it by talking, evidently not without effect. The operation was successfully performed, and there is every reason to believe the cure will be complete.

THE DIARY OF A LADY OF QUALITY from 1761 to 1844, is an English work recently published, and as a part of its contents are two excellent criticisms of those famous interpreters of the dramatic muse, Mrs. Siddons and Macready. The lady of quality is Miss Frances Williams Wynn, who was the daughter of Sir Watkin Williams Wynn (the fourth baronet) and Charlotte, daughter of George Granville (First Lord of the Treasury, 1763 to 1765); and had for uncles the first Marquis of Buckingham, Lord Grenville, and the Right Hon. Thomas Grenville. Miss Wynn was an accomplished, kindly lady, who, during her long life, from 1780 to 1857, had ample opportunity for storing up lively gossip of notable personages and events. Here are the criticisms above alluded to:—MRS. SIDDONS.—In speaking of this celebrated woman, Miss Wynn is rather critical. She says: "Mrs. Siddons in her prime is certainly a bright recollection, but I did not feel for her acting quite the enthusiasm that most people profess. It was too artificial for my taste; her attitudes were fine and graceful, but they always seemed to me the result of study; not, like Miss O'Neil, who always was graceful merely because she could not help it, because it was impossible to throw those beautifully formed limbs, and especially that neck, into any position that was not beautiful. At the same time I must say, in 'Isabel,' and in 'Jane Shore,' Miss O'Neil struck me as very inferior indeed to Mrs. Siddons. She never excited that deep thrill of horror which made my blood tingle at my fingers' end. I was melancholy, and that was all. Miss O'Neil had sense enough to refuse the character of Lady Macbeth, conscious that her powers were inadequate to it. I never saw Mrs. Siddons with a good Macbeth; for Kemble I never reckoned tolerable; nor did I feel I knew what the character was until I heard Mrs. Siddons read the play. Certainly in that reading, some speeches of Macbeth's, and almost the whole of the witches, were the parts that struck me most. Probably Lady Macbeth, however excellent, had by frequent repetition lost some of her power; certainly (I felt) in that part Mrs. Siddons could no longer surprise me. Yes she did though. I looked with impatience for the grand sleep-walking scene, and thought I would take advantage of my position, which was very near her, to watch the fine, fixed glassy glare which she contrived to give to her eyes. Alas! that was quite gone; whether the diminution of the natural fire of the eye prevented this effect, or whether the muscles were grown less flexible from age and want of constant practice, I know not, but I feel quite certain of the fact. It struck me when I saw her once more, in one of her frequent re-appearances, act Lady Macbeth on the opera stage. Then my pleasure in seeing her was increased by my delight in watching the effect she produced on the very eloquent though plain countenance of Madame de Stael, who sat in the stage box, literally wrapped up in the performance." MACREADY.—Of this actor Miss Wynn says: "February 10th, 1838.—I saw, last night, Macready in 'King Lear,' and little expected, in the present degraded state of the stage, to see any performance that would give me such pleasure. First of all, it is Shakespeare's Lear; not a word is added to the text; the painfully fine catastrophe is acted; and the play, in the regular theatre phrase, well got up, excepting in the female parts, which were almost as ill-dressed as they were acted. I cannot conceive a better model for a painter of Lear than Macready exhibited in face, figure, dress and apparent age. The latter seems to me the leading point of his representation of the character, in which he substitutes the imbecility of age for insanity, which I have hitherto considered as the leading feature of Lear. The more I think, the more I am inclined to believe that this was the intention of the poet; at the same time I must own that it has, as far as dramatic effect is concerned, some objections. The curse, the appeal to the elements, which one has been used to dislike as a rant, appeared tame and ineffective, partly, I believe, because, so early in the play, I had not entered fully into the conception of the actor; but I still think, upon retrospect, that both, especially the curse, might be made to tell with singular effect if repeated in a tremulous and very solemn manner. I hope to judge of this ere long, on a second view. I felt almost as if I had never read, certainly never seen, that finest of all scenes, that on the heath, so much was I delighted with the effect produced by the Fool (now reinstated for the first time for many years). The artless affection, shrewdness, archness displayed by Miss Horton, the sweetness of the snatches of song, seemed like the drop of comfort infused into the bitter cup of the poor old king. They made me feel that the commentators who assert that, when in the last sad scene he says, 'And my poor fool is hanged!' he cannot mean to allude to the boy, had never seen it so acted. Much as I admire the stage for its adherence to the text, I must say that one omission quite new to me pleased me very much. When poor blind Gloster, fancying himself on the edge of the cliff, says, 'Now, fellow, fare thee well,' instead of falling down, he is interrupted by the arrival of Lear, and you are spared the absurdity of persuading a man whom you have seen falling from his own height, that he tumbled down a precipice. In the battle there was one novelty, which I think from a greater distance than the box in which we were, might have a great effect. The scene was a distant view of a battle, or rather of heaps of slain; when the challenge is given, a *champ clos* is immediately formed by a palisade of spears and battle axes. The last scene is almost too painful; I felt it would have been quite, if Cordelia had not been such a detestible snub-nosed creature. I suppose it would have been high treason against Shakespeare to alter the catastrophe, and to give it what might be called a melo-dramatic German character; but I could not help wishing the representation to conclude when Lear says:

"She lives! if it be so,
It is a chance that does redeem all sorrows
That ever I have felt."

AMUSEMENTS.

NIBLO'S GARDEN.
Lessee and Manager ..... WM. WHEATLEY.
THE COOLEST THEATRE IN THE CITY.
LAST WEEK OF THE SUMMER SEASON.
MONDAY, August 29th, 1864, engagement for positively SIX NIGHTS ONLY of
MISS MATILDA HERON,
who will appear in her world-renowned character of CAMILLE, being the Last Representation by that eminent artiste of this role in New York.
Principal characters by Messrs. B. Macaulay (his first appearance in New York), J. B. Burnett, J. W. Collier, B. T. Ringgold, J. W. Blaisdell, Misses Mary Wells, Skerrett, Burke (first appearance), Fisher, &c.
Musical Conductor ..... Harvey B. Dodworth.
MONDAY EVENING, Sept. 5, 1864, commencement of the Fall and Winter season. First night of the engagement of
EDWIN FORREST,
who will appear in his great character of
CORIOLANUS.
During the Fall and Winter season the scale of prices will be:—Admission, 75 cents; secured seats in Parquet and Parquet Circle, $1; Family Circle, 50 cents.
Seats secured six days in advance. 21

FOX'S OLD BOWERY THEATRE.
Lessee, Director, and Manager ..... G. L. FOX.
NEW MASONIC LOCAL DRAMA.
SIGNET OF KING SOLOMON;
OR, THE TEMPLAR'S DAUGHTER.
Dramatized by a Brother of the Order.
J. B. STUDLEY, HARRY CHAPMAN, C. NICHOLS, MISS R. DENVIL, MRS. E. T. STETSON (her first appearance here).
Dance ..... by ..... Mlle. Martinetti
New London Farce of
THE BASEMENT BRILE.
G. L. FOX, C. K. FOX, MRS. H. CHAPMAN.
Historical play of
THE SANCTUARY.
J. Flood, J. McCloskey, C. Foster, Mrs. E. Stetson, Miss R. Denvil, Mrs. J. Flood. 21

VARIETIES, VARIETIES, VARIETIES, VARIETIES, VARIETIES, VARIETIES.
(LATE STADT THEATRE) 37 AND 39 BOWERY.
WILBRGR, POOLE & DONNELLY ..... MANAGERS.
John F. Poole, Acting Manager | T. L. Donelly, Stage Manager.
This establishment is now undergoing a thorough renovation, and will open in a few days,
NEWLY DECORATED, PAINTED AND UPHOLSTERED,
with extensive alterations and improvements, making it the HANDSOMEST PLACE OF AMUSEMENT IN THE CITY.
The performances will consist of a combination of the various amusements of the age. Comedy, Opera, Pantomime, Ballet, Burlesque, Negro Minstrelsy, Songs, Dances, etc., etc., presented by an unprecedentedly numerous corps of artists selected from the
FIRST RANKS OF THE PROFESSION,
chosen with a view only to their ability and established reputation, the amount of salary is but a secondary consideration.
Every act will be placed upon the stage in the most perfect manner, and
NO EXPENSE WILL BE SPARED TO RENDER THIS A VARIETY THEATRE FOR THE PEOPLE.
The scale of prices of admission will be fixed at a standard to suit
THE MASSES. 21-1t

ARTEMUS WARD
WILL SHORTLY LEAVE FOR CALIFORNIA, WITHOUT LEAVING NEW YORK.
He will
CROSS THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS IN BROADWAY,
And will
BE AT HOME IN SALT LAKE CITY AT THE HEAD OF ELEVENTH STREET. 21-1t

ROBERT HELLER
WILL RE-OPEN HIS MYSTIC THEATRE, known as the
SALLE DIABOLIQUE, 885 BROADWAY, ON THURSDAY, SEPT. 8th
when his patrons will be invited to pass in out of the draft, and enjoy delicious coolness amid the odor of flowers and the murmur of falling waters, in view of a newly constructed
GARDEN OF THE GENII!
and in a house re-decorated, re-seated, and re-carpeted. The entertainment will be
FULL OF HELLERISMS!
And in addition to New Music and entirely novel Illusion, will introduce for the first time the astonishing
MINSTREL ANTHROPOGLOSSI! 21-1t

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Near the Bridge,
BALTIMORE, MD.
ROBERT GARDINER ..... PROPRIETOR
A. M. HERNANDEZ ..... STAGE MANAGER
W. T. DULANY ..... GENERAL ADVERTISER
SENSATION, SENSATION, SENSATION, the order of the day.
The company includes
A. M. HERNANDEZ,
W. T. DULANY,
MISS FRANCES HERNANDEZ,
MISS MARY BOGART,
MISS EVELINE LEHMAN,
NELLIE GRAY,
FANNY CHAPMAN,
FRANK KERNS,
JOHNNY THOMPSON,
MEL KUCTZ.
More new stars engaged.
Next week will be produced Hernandez' New Spectacular Pantomime, entitled
THE MAGIC TRUMPET, WITH NEW AND NOVEL TRICKS.
WANTED—TWENTY LADIES FOR THE CORPS DE BALLET.
NO OBJECTION TO MARRIED LADIES. 21-1t*

MR. AND MRS HARRY WATKINS
are now in the Second Week of their Engagement at the HOWARD ATHENÆUM, BOSTON.
Their repertoire includes an unusual amount of novelty.
DICK DRIFT; Or, THE SPIRIT OF OUR INSTITUTIONS.
WIDOWS AND ORPHANS; Or, Faith, Hope and Charity.
DINORAH; Or, THE DEMON'S TREASURE.
KATHLEEN MAVOURNEEN; Or, UNDER THE SPELL.
MATED NOT MATCHED.
GAME OF CHESS; Or, The Queen's First Move.
LIVE IT DOWN.
THE PEASANT PRINCESS; Or, The Blight of War.
A WOMAN WORTH HAVING.
FIT TO BE A DUCHESS.
A CUP OF TEA,
etc., etc., etc.
All communications addressed as above. 21-1t*

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(Late Museum).
S. W. COR. BALTIMORE AND CALVERT STS.
Sole Proprietor ..... T. D. BANCROFT.
Stage Manager ..... J. BUDD.
This popular establishment has been thoroughly renovated, and is now open with a First Class Company.
Ladies and Gentlemen of versatility can make good engagements for the season.
None but good performers need apply.
Address as above. 21-3m

MLLE. MARIETTA RAVEL,
La Bella Espagnola.
This distinguished SPANISH DANSEUSE AND TIGHT ROPE ARTISTE is now performing a star engagement under the management of Fred. Aimes, in Pittsburgh, Pa. Communications may be addressed to
M. W. HANLEY,
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MUSICALE wants an Engagement as Violoncello Performer, to travel with a Company. Address H. W. WALSH, Musician, Mr. Cory's Music store, Providence, R. I., or Mr. Jas. Conner's Dramatic office, 25 West Houston st., New York. Advertiser also plays Violin, Viola and Bass. Terms moderate. 1t*

WANTED---At Buckley's Minstrel Hall, a First Class Clarionet Player; also, a good Baritone Singer, capable of doing Middle Business. None but first class need apply.
S. BISHOP BUCKLEY,
21-4t Boston.

TO MANAGERS OF MINSTREL TROUPES.---
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AMUSEMENTS.

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We call the attention of Managers and Professionals who wish to avail themselves of the extensive circulation of the NEW YORK CLIPPER, the Theatrical Organ of America, to make known their business, wants, etc., to the following schedule of rates for advertising:—

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A LIVING WHALE,
captured and brought to this city
AT AN ENORMOUS EXPENSE,
MAY BE SEEN AT ALL HOURS.

STILL ANOTHER GRAND PANTOMIME.
NOVEL! INTERESTING! AMUSING!
COMIC AND MELODRAMATIC.
Afternoon at 3; Evening at 7½ o'clock.
JOCKO, JOCKO, JOCKO,
JOCKO, or JOCKO,
THE BRAZILIAN APE.
TONY DENIER.....as.....JOCKO
MR. C. K. FOX, MR. M. GROSSI, ANDERSON, MLLE. ERNESTINE and LOUISE.

First appearance of
A. GOODWIN and L. COLLINS.
DUODERPSICHOREANCLODOPTOMISTS.

EXHIBITION EVERY MORNING AT 11 O'CLOCK,
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HERR NADOLESKI'S WONDERFUL CABINET,
THE GRAND ORCHESTRIAN
will play at short intervals, Day and Evening.
MARVELLOUS LIVING AFRICAN MUD FISH,
BROUGHT HERE IN DRY SOLID CLAY!!
GIANTS, DWARFS, ALBINOS, AND A MILLION OTHER CURIOSITIES.
Admission 25 cents; children under ten, 15 cents.

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CORNER OF BROADWAY AND BROOME STREET.
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This admirable and central establishment, which, during the summer vacation, has been entirely and elegantly refitted with New Furniture and Upholstery, New Decorations and Appointments, Splendid New Scenery, New Carpeting, &c., and which has been provided with 150 New Orchestra Chairs, will open for the season

ON MONDAY EVENING, AUGUST 29,
With the great comic artist,
MR. JOHN E. OWENS,
whose brilliant fame as the most gifted and genial of American comedians is firmly established in the best critics' esteem, and in the hearty popular applause of nearly every City in the Union. He will make his rentree upon the New York stage—for the first time in twelve years—in two celebrated comic characters, admirably adapted to the display of his exuberant humor and his inimitable art.

THE DRAMATIC COMPANY
engaged for the season
IS ENTIRELY NEW TO THIS CITY,
and has been carefully selected from the best material at the command of the manager.

MONDAY EVENING, Aug. 29, Buckstone's celebrated comedy,
MARRIED LIFE.

Mr. JOHN E. OWENS.....as.....HENRY DOVE
Mr. G. D. Chaplin.....Mr. Younghusband
first appearance in this theatre.
Mr. C. P. DeGroot.....do.....Mr. Coddle
Mr. Geo. Metkiff.....do.....Mr. Lynx
Mr. Tom Owens.....do.....Mr. Dismal
Miss Alice Placide.....do.....Mrs. Lynx
Miss C. Adams.....do.....Mrs. Coddle
Miss Nellie Johnson.....do.....Mrs. Younghusband
Mrs. G. F. Tyrall.....do.....Mrs. Dove
Miss C. Crampton.....do.....Mrs. Dismal

To conclude with the American comic drama of the
PEOPLE'S LAWYER.
Mr. J. E. OWENS.....as.....SOLON SHINGLE.

CASINO! CASINO!! CASINO!!!
Chestnut Street, above Sixth, Philadelphia,
OPENED FOR THE SEASON.

The proprietor would respectfully call the attention of the public and the profession to the fact that this is the
ONLY HALL OPEN IN PHILADELPHIA.
The acknowledged
GREAT VARIETY THEATRE OF THE AGE.
COMBINATION OF STAR ARTISTS,
whose professional abilities have been acknowledged by the press and the public in all the
PRINCIPAL CITIES IN AMERICA,
who appear nightly in a
MAMMOTH ENTERTAINMENT,
comprising BEAUTIFUL BALLETS, BURLESQUES, ETHIOPIAN ACTS, COMIC VOCALISM, PANTOMIMES, CLOG DANCING, GYMNASTIC, GEMS OF THE OPERA, MINSTRELSY, ETC., ETC.
Artists in the above line of business, of acknowledged talent, address immediately CHRIS. NORRIS, Business Manager.
21-tf JAMES PILGRIM, Stage Manager.

NOTICE to the Members of Duprez & Green's Minstrels.—All the members of the above named troupe engaged for the coming season are notified to reach Providence, R. I., by the 17th or 19th of September, without fail, to reorganise and rehearse business, etc., previous to starting out. Each and every member is requested to report by letter at once to headquarters, Earl House, Providence. CHAS. F. DUPREZ.

WANTED for the above troupe, immediately, a good First Violinist (one experienced in minstrelsy preferred), who can play a brass instrument and arrange orchestra and vocal music thoroughly; also a good Clarionettist, who can play a tenor horn well. None but temperate and competent persons need apply. Address as above, giving lowest terms, etc. 21-3t

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NEW CHESTNUT STREET THEATRE, PHILADELPHIA.—The regular Fall and Winter season will commence at this establishment on Saturday evening, September 10th. Ladies and gentlemen engaged will please assemble in the green room on Tuesday, the 6th. [21-1t] GROVER & SINN.

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GROVER & SINN.....Managers.
1. The Great Romantic, Musical Pantomime, Spectacular Drama,
ALADDIN;
OR, THE WONDERFUL LAMP,
IS NOW
meeting with immense success at this popular Theatre. 21-2t

MISS FANNY B. PRICE.
This truly elegant and highly accomplished Tragedienne concludes a most brilliant engagement of two weeks at Rouse's Theatre, Harrisburg, Pa., August 27th.
She will commence an engagement at Ellsler's Athenæum, Columbus, Ohio, on the 29th inst.
All communications promptly attended to.
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First and Second Class Dancseuses and Ballet Girls wishing engagements in this magnificent Theatre for the fall and winter season will address JAS. CONNER & CO., 25 West Houston street, N. Y. 21-1t

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FRONT STREET THEATRE, BALTIMORE.
The ladies and gentlemen engaged for the season of 1864-'65 will please assemble in the green room on Thursday, September 1st., at 12 o'clock, previous to the opening, Saturday, 3d.
GEO. KUNKEL, Manager.
21-1t P. L. KELLER, Stage Manager.

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NEW CAIRO ATHENÆUM opened on the 11th of July, now in full tide of success. Actors and actresses can apply at all times and will receive prompt attention. Stars treated with at all times at reasonable rates. Address
CRUMP & CO., Box 1240,
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THE GREAT NED TURNER is now ready to negotiate with managers of first class minstrel troupes. Business, end and low comedy. Address care CLIPPER office. 21-1t*

BALLET GIRLS WANTED, to perform in Norfolk, Va. Address until Sept. 8th, 1864, stating abilities, former engagements, and enclosing Cartes de Viste, if possible in costume. Also one good harp player. JAMES R. KEEP,
Co. E, 61st Reg't N. Y. Vols., 1st Brig. 1st Div. 18th Army Corps.
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JOE MILLER.....Business Agent.
Ladies and gentlemen of acknowledged ability, such as Singers, Dancseuses, Ethiopian Comedians, &c., can always secure good engagements by addressing JOE MILLER,
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THE FAMOUS AMERICAN
EQUESTRIAN DRAMATIC TROUPE,

[JACK SHEPPARD.]

Consisting of
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the distinguished and accomplished Equestrienne and Actress, acknowledged by the press and the public to be
THE MAZEPPA OF THE WORLD,
and
MR. O. B. COLLINS,
the celebrated Melo-Dramatic Actor and Equestrian, with
MR. H. B. GATES' HIGHLY TRAINED MARE
BLACK BESS.
THE CHAMPION ACTING HORSE OF AMERICA,
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with the following repertoire of Equestrian Dramas:
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THE RIDE FOR LIFE,
THE HORSE THIEF'S LEAP,
THE BRIGAND QUEEN,
JENNIE DIVER, THE FEMALE HIGHWAYMAN,
THE DEMON HUNTSMAN,
THE DEVIL ON HORSEBACK,
New Dramas, written expressly for this troupe,
Also,
MAZEPPA, PUTNAM, DICK TURPIN,
JACK BANN, MIKE MARTIN, JACK SHEPPARD,
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TIMOUR THE TARTAR, MARGARET CATCHPOLE,
THE FEMALE SPY, EL HYDER, CLAUDE DUVAL,
TOGETHER WITH NEW AND SPLENDID WOOD CUTS.
A CHALLENGE FOR $1000
TO ANY PERFORMING STAGE HORSE PROPRIETOR
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Believing that I own the best Performing Stage Horse in the world, I hereby challenge any one for $100 or $1000 to produce its superior for high leaping, quickness in going over the stage runs, and for beauty and style. Address HENRY B. GATES,
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THE AMERICAN EQUESTRIAN DRAMATIC TROUPE, commence their Fall and Winter Season at the
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for two weeks.
Managers wishing to negotiate for this celebrated troupe, will please address JAMES CONNER & CO., Business Agents,
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21-4t

NEW MEMPHIS THEATRE, TENN.—The Ladies and Gentlemen engaged at the above named establishment will please meet in the green room on the 8th of Sept., preparatory to opening on the 10th. Frank A. Tannehill, Lessee and Manager. Chas. T. Parslee, Agent, 566 Broadway, cor. Prince st. 21-2t*

FOR SALE, an Oblong Side Show Canvass, good enough to run with Fairs. Is 36 feet by 25 feet, and has been in use only the present season. Will be sold for $100, which is very cheap. Address WM. M. ALLEN, Museum,
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FAUST AND MARGUERITE,
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DUKE AND HIS MOTTO,
PROVOST OF BURGES,
SCULPTOR OF FLORENCE,
ETHELWOLD,
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Ladies and Gentlemen of ability can secure good engagements by applying as above. 21-3m

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OPEN EVERY NIGHT.
The best Minstrel Entertainment in the world, given by the following well known Artists:—
G. W. H. GRIFFIN, A. HUGHES, S. S. PURDY,
W. S. BUDWORTH, H. MUDGE, J. STONE,
I. A. HERMAN, C. CAMPBELL, G. A. PARKERSON,
C. HUNNEMAN, E. HASLAM, W. HWERS,
C. FRUMMEL, P. JONES, and others.
Every Phase of Ethiopian Minstrelsy legitimately performed. Doors open at 7; to commence at 8.
Tickets 25 cents. Private Boxes $3. 12-tf

NEW SHEET MUSIC,
CARTES DE VISITE,
PLAYS AND
SONG BOOKS.
D. C. WINANS, having for the past eight years been connected with
BRYANTS' MINSTRELS,
wishes to inform the public throughout the
UNITED STATES
that he has established an agency for the sale of
NEW SHEET MUSIC,
CARTES DE VISITE,
PLAYS AND
SONG BOOKS,
Sent on receipt of marked price, postage paid.
A Catalogue has just been published containing upwards of TEN THOUSAND NAMES OF THE CHOICEST SELECTIONS.
Cartes de Visite 20 cents each, or six for $1.
All orders addressed to
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Bryants' Minstrels,
473 Broadway, N. Y.,
Will be promptly attended to.
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19 LIBERTY STREET,
OPPOSITE MECHANIC'S HALL,
UTICA, N. Y.
SAM HAGUE wishes to inform his friends in and out of the profession, that he has cast anchor at the above named house, where he will be happy to welcome all his old friends and as many new ones as will honor him with a call. The best of Ales, Wines, Liquors, and Cigars constantly on hand. SAM & TOM HAGUE. 15-tf

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NEW THEATRE,
HARRISBURGH, PA.
Ladies and Gentlemen of acknowledged ability desirous of a Six Months Engagement, can address
Messrs. WALKER & MARBLE,
16-6t Harrisburg, Pa.

THE WEBB SISTERS,
MISSES EMMA AND ADA.
Managers wishing to engage the services of these very talented Artists, for STAR Engagements, will address
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WOOD'S MINSTREL HALL, 514 Broadway, may be hired for any respectable afternoon entertainment not interfering with the performance of Wood's Minstrels in the evening. Apply to the proprietor, 514 Broadway. 13

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DOUBLE TEAMS OR RUNNING HORSES,
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First Class STARS treated with at all times. None others need apply. JAMES CONNER & CO., Agents,
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COMMERCIAL STREET, ABOVE KEARNY,
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The Proprietor would respectfully call the attention of the Public and Profession to the fact that this
BEAUTIFUL AND COMMODIOUS
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has been entirely re-fitted and decorated, making it the most comfortable as it is the most
POPULAR PLACE OF AMUSEMENT
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THE NEW IDEA IS OPEN NIGHTLY
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"ARRAY OF TALENT"
Superior to any Company ever combined in one Theatre west of the Rocky Mountains;
While the Entertainments consist of
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Performers of acknowledged ability and reputation desiring to visit California, can enter into permanent engagements with the Proprietor, by applying to
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A CARD.—This is to certify that Chas. B. Griste has been in my employ for six months as Advertiser and Agent, and left me on account of ill health. I consider Mr. Griste's capabilities as advertiser and agent SECOND TO NONE in the country. He is a thorough BUSINESS man, and as a writer and manager of the press, has no superior. D. C. LA RUE.
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Stabling for 100 horses. 20-3m

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This beautiful Hall has recently been thoroughly Painted, Decorated, &c. Will comfortably seat 800 people. For terms, &c., apply to W. BASSETT, Proprietor. 20-3m

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CONTINENTAL THEATRE,
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FOR RENT BY THE DAY OR WEEK,
UP TO OCTOBER 1ST,
When the Fall and Winter Season will be inaugurated with
MRS. CHARLES WARNER'S,
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GREAT NATIONAL CIRCUS.
20-tf ALLINSON & HINCKEN, Sole Lessee.

HORSE TRAINER WANTED, to break Horses, Ponies, Monkies, Mules, &c., in New York City, the coming winter. Address, stating terms, Independence, Iowa,
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Albany Day Boats, and Hudson Night Boats land in front of this House. Mountain House Stages start from the door, on the arrival of Trains and Boats.
The House is under the personal supervision of
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Are now making an extensive tour through the States and Canadas, being their
FIRST VISIT SINCE THEIR RETURN FROM ENGLAND,
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MR. RAYNOR takes pleasure in announcing an engagement with the Great Comedian,
GEORGE CHRISTY,
who appears nightly in connection with this company.
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MISS KATE FISHER,
THE CELEBRATED
PROTEAN AND EQUESTRIAN ACTRESS,
Has just added to her already extensive repertoire,
THREE NEW PIECES,
together with her celebrated horse
WONDER,
and is now prepared to negotiate with managers for the coming season.
Address care of Lafarge House. 13-tf

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GREEN STREET, near Beaver, ALBANY, N. Y.
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This popular establishment is now being thoroughly renovated, painted and upholstered, and will re-open AUGUST 24th, with a full Dramatic and Variety Company. Ladies and Gentlemen of versatility can make good engagements for the season. None but good performers need apply. Address as above. 17-4t*

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The world renowned Equestrienne, Pantomimist, and
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has been engaged for the
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and will open the season on
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GREAT MENKEN SPECIALITY,
"MAZEPPA!"
Mr. E. T. Smith takes pleasure in being able to present to the London public the immortal Tartar
POEM AND ROMANCE
in that graphic perfection of interpretation and marvellous grace of heroic embodiment which have so completely identified its dramatic existence with the fame of
THE WORLD'S GREATEST
MELO-DRAMATIC ARTISTE!
In the Atlantic States and in California,
MISS ADAH ISAACS MENKEN'S
original, startling, and thoroughly artistic reaction of
"MAZEPPA,"
THE BEAUTIFUL RAGE,
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"MAZEPPA,"
THE DARING RIDER,
"MAZEPPA,"
THE KING OF TARTARY,
Has established a standard by which all other performances of the kind are judged, and which has not been approached by any one of the host of imitators continually endeavoring to profit by its world-wide reputation.
Like all other striking and original successes, whether in art or literature,
THE MENKEN MAZEPPA
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TWENTY-SEVEN THOUSAND DOLLARS!
And in the State of California, for
ONE HUNDRED PERFORMANCES
This great artiste received the princely sum of
FORTY THOUSAND DOLLARS!
The management of the
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with the additional expense of her grooms, equestrian directors, stage box, and dressing rooms, and a large company, including many public favorites, and a production of the celebrated drama with an elaboration of effects, perfection of accessories, and completeness of dramatic details worthy of the
THEATRE AND THE ARTISTE!
A Splendid
CAVALCADE OF HORSES,
introducing Miss Menken's Flying Steed
HAIDEE-UL-AZKEM.
☞ At the conclusion of this famous artiste's engagement in London at the
THEATRE ROYAL, ASTLEY'S,
she will appear in PARIS, playing her great speciality in the
FRENCH LANGUAGE!
19-3t*

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GRAND RE-OPENING.
This favorite establishment having been thoroughly renovated, re-painted, re-decorated, &c.,
OPENED FOR THE SEASON
ON MONDAY, AUGUST 15th, 1864,
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BUTLER'S COMBINATION TROUPE,
Composed of the following artists:
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AND THE MAGNIFICENT CORPS DE BALLET,
with other prominent Artists.
ALL WILL APPEAR IN A GRAND & VARIED PROGRAMME.
19- E. W. BUTLER, Manager.

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THE PEOPLE'S FAVORITES.
SAM SHARPLEY'S MINSTRELS.
At the close of their present engagement in St. Louis, will revisit the scenes of their former triumphs.
LOOK OUT FOR THE IRON CLADS,
who still continue their prosperous career—making the most profitable and the longest tour on record.
HOT WEATHER AND BAD BUSINESS
Cannot compel
THE MONITORS OF MINSTRELSY
to disband, as is the case with our would-be rivals, who make a VACATION a lame excuse for closing an unsuccessful season. Several valuable additions have been made to this
MONSTER ORGANIZATION,
enabling us to return to our old friends with an
ENTIRE NEW PROGRAMME.
WAIT FOR THE IRON CLADS.
Don't be humbugged by
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Those who deceived you last season will do it again this season.
BEWARE OF THEM.
WAIT FOR THE ETHIOPIAN AUTOCRATS.
THE HEROES OF A HEMISPHERE.
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A GOOD BILL DISTRIBUTOR,
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MINSTRELS
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BURLESQUE OPERA TROUPE,
THE AUTOCRATS
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THIS MAMMOTH COMPANY
Is now organized and
ON AN EXTENSIVE TOUR THROUGH THE CANADAS AND BRITISH PROVINCES.
The following well known artists are engaged:
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THE STAR TROUPE OF THE WORLD,
In their
GRAND ETHIOPIAN SOIREES
EVERY EVENING DURING THE WEEK.
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SAM RAINFORTH.—Sam Rainforth, the great Pantomimist, Ballet Master, Fancy Dancer, and Low Comedian, having just concluded a very fine engagement with Davis & McLear's Hippotheatron, also from Hooley's Opera House, and Barnum's Museum, N. Y., is open for engagements; also, Madame Rainforth, danseuse, who proves to be a great favorite where and whenever she performs. Address SAM RAINFORTH,
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BELLA GOLDEN, the Popular Comedienne, Danseuse and VOCALIST, will commence a starring tour in September. Managers wishing to engage her services will address to the care of O. T. PARSLOE, P. O. Box 3414, New York. 19-3m*

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THE CARTER ZOUAVE TROUPE AND
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The combination of the above talented family with this already extensive troupe renders the company perfect in every respect, and unequalled and unapproachable in the whole country. Besides the many features for which this favorite troupe are so singularly celebrated, the vocal and instrumental talent of the Berger Family is the wonder and admiration of all.
The press and the public have universally conceded them to be "the best show of the day." They now doubly claim the right to that proud distinction.
They are about again to visit all the principal cities of the West, and would say to their many friends in that section, that they claim to be infinitely superior to what they were on their former visit.
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GEORGE LEA.....Proprietor.
First Class Performers wanted for the Fall and Winter Season. A good Banjo Player, also Three or Four good Ethiopian Performers wanted immediately.
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Mons. Scollosi, the celebrated ballet master, is engaged, and will use his utmost endeavors to make his pupils FIRST CLASS DANCERS.
Salary for ballet girls from fifteen to twenty-five dollars a week.
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TORONTO, C. W.
J. C. MYERS, Lessee and Manager, will commence his fall and winter season at the above Theatre October 3d. Several first class artistes wanted to fill the company. Stars received on liberal terms. Address J. C. MYERS,
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THE STAR OF THE WEST,
SURNAMED
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PANTOMIMIST, BANJOIST, GUITARIST,
COMEDIENNE AND PROTEAN ACTRESS, AND
☞ FINEST MAGICIENNE IN THE U. S.!! ☜
This BEAUTIFUL and TALENTED ARTISTE, whose brilliant achievements in the
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render her one of the most POPULAR and ATTRACTIVE "STARS" now travelling, is busily preparing for the Fall and Winter Campaign.
Managers of FIRST CLASS MUSIC HALLS, desiring the services of this accomplished artiste, will please address
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